

# SMALLEY'S MAGAZINE



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## AUTUMN DREAMS

When the maple turns to crimson,  
And the sassafras to gold;  
And the gentian's in the meadow  
And the aster on the wold;  
When the moon is lapped in vapor,  
And the night is frosty cold;

When the chestnut burrs are opened,  
And the acorns drop like hail,  
And the drowsy air is startled  
With the thumping of the flail—  
With the drumming of the partridge,  
And the whistle of the quail;

Through the rustling woods I wander,  
Through the jewels of the year,  
From the yellow uplands calling,  
Seeking her who still is dear:  
She is near me in the autumn,  
She, the beautiful, is near.  
Through the smoke of burning summer,  
When the weary wings are still,  
I can see her in the valley,  
I can hear her on the hill,  
In the splendor of the woodlands,  
In the whisper of the till.

For the shores of earth and heaven  
Meet and mingle in the blue;  
She can wander down the glory  
To the places that she knew,  
Where the happy lovers wandered  
In the days when life was true.

So I think when days are sweetest,  
And the world is wholly fair,  
She may sometimes steal upon me,  
Through the dimness of the air,  
With the cross upon her bosom,  
And the amaranth in her hair.

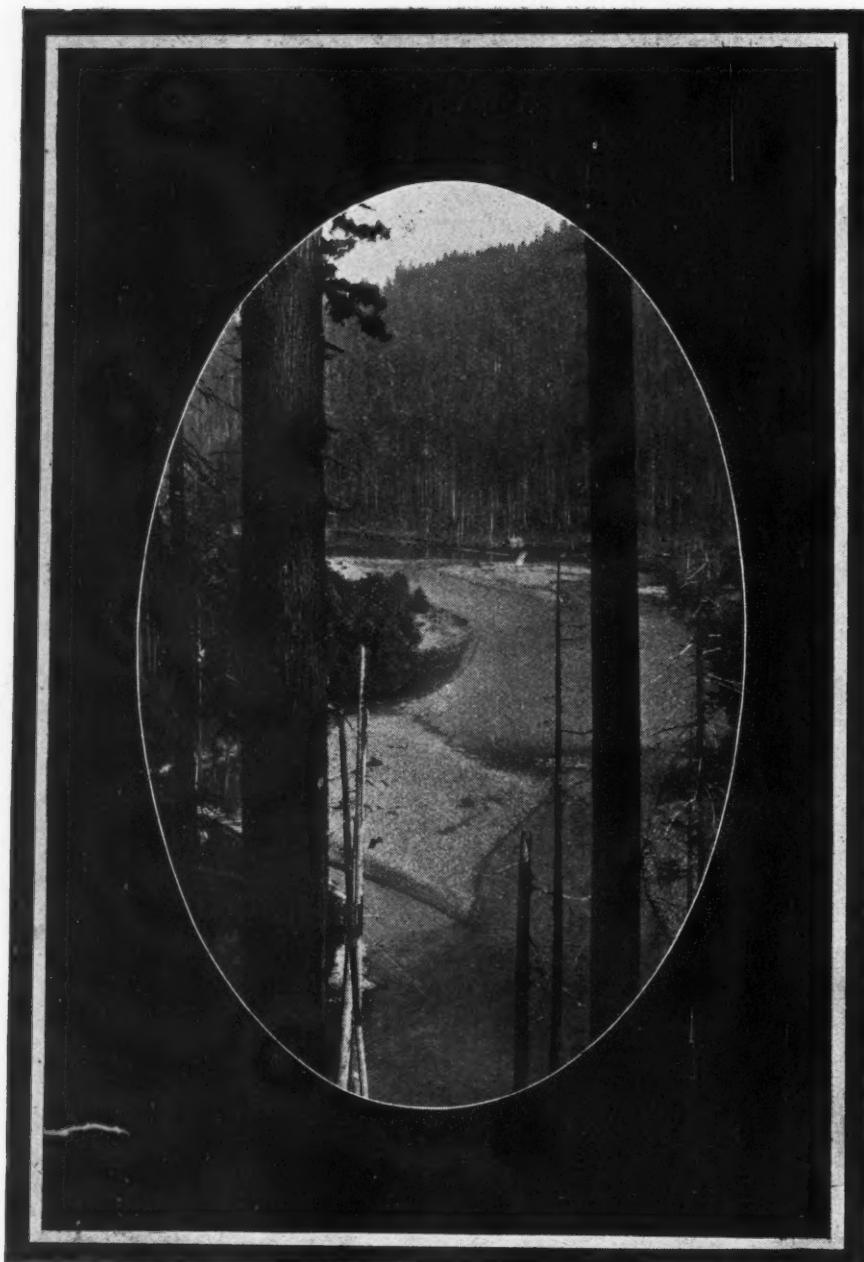
Once to her, ah! to meet her,  
And to hold her gently fast.  
Till I bless her, till she bless me—  
That were happiness at last,  
That were bliss beyond our meetings  
In the autumn of the past.



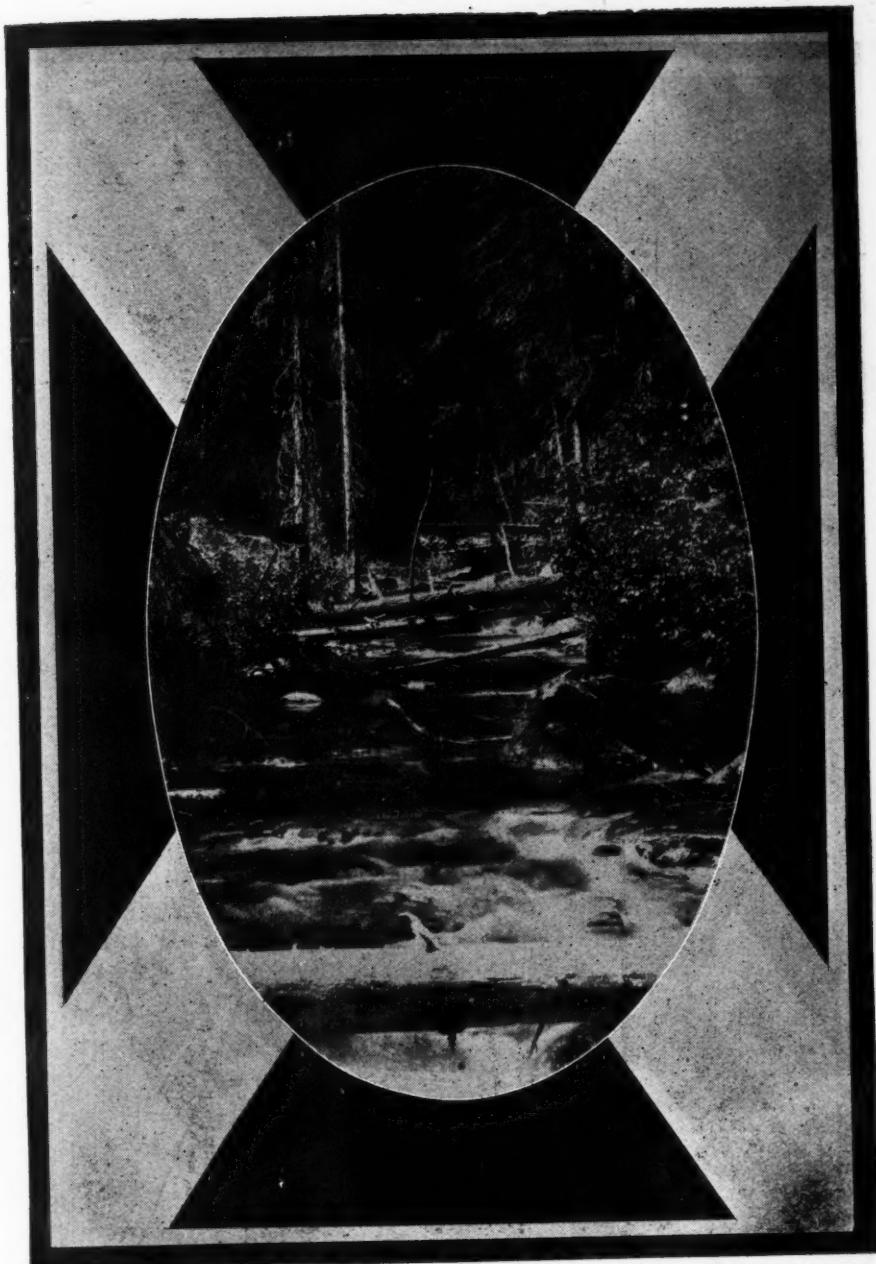
The Big Redwood Trees of California



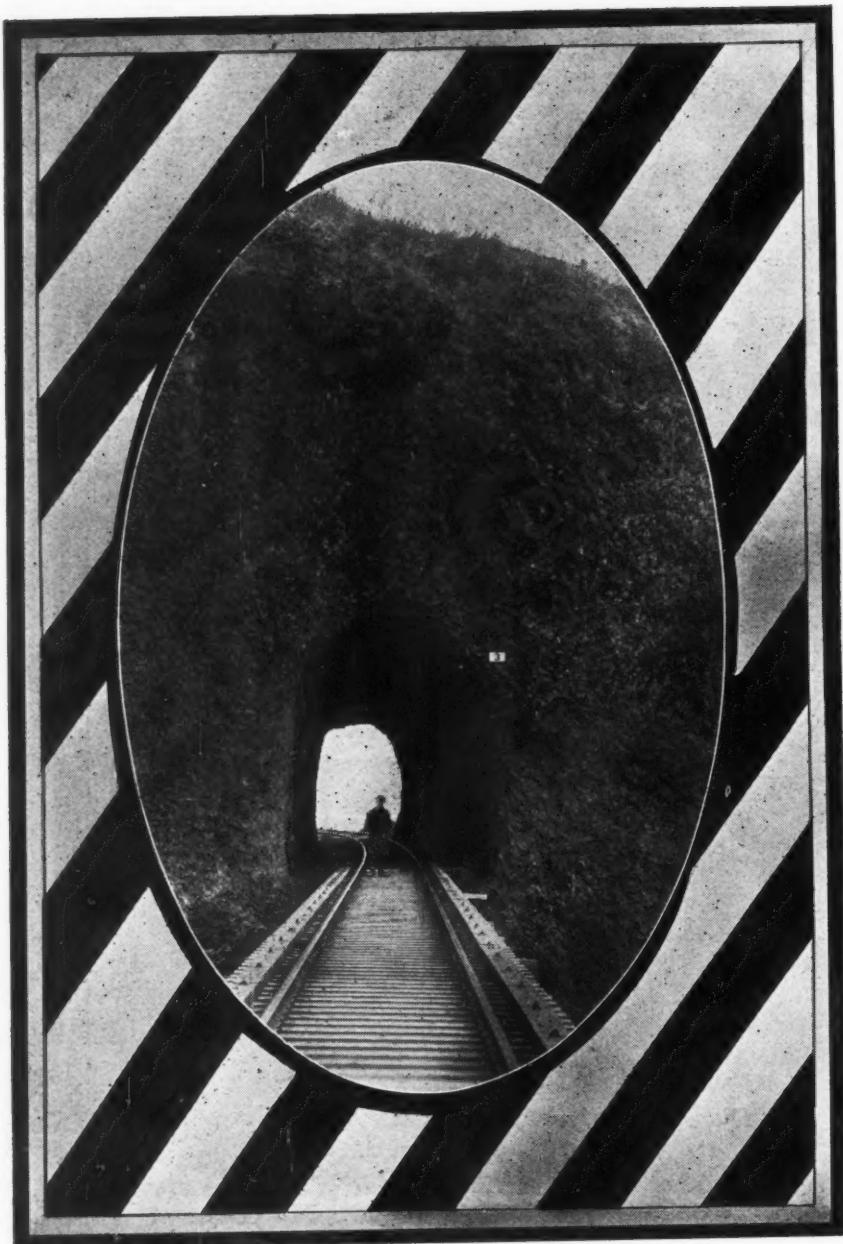
The Big Trees of California—In the Mariposa Grove



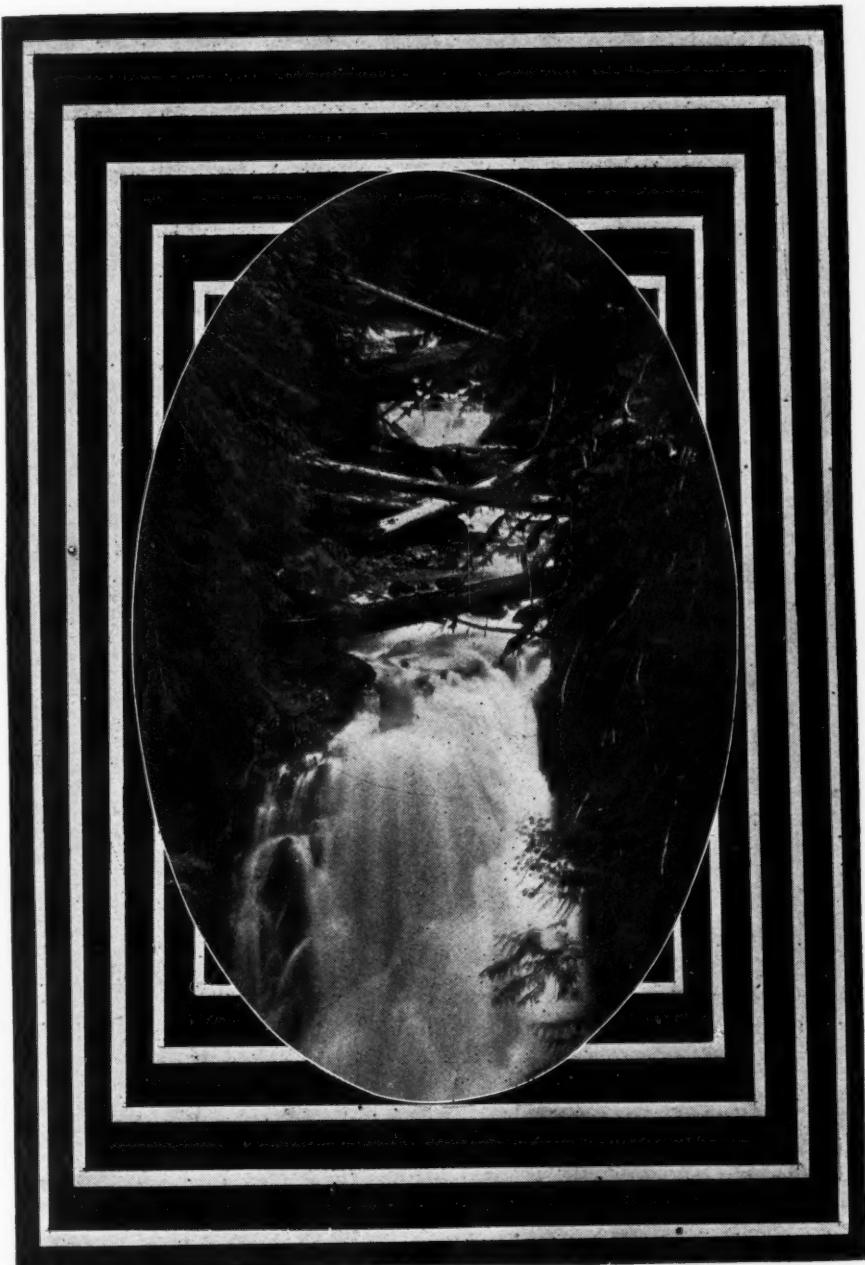
On the Lewis River, Oregon, Showing Great Forest Pine



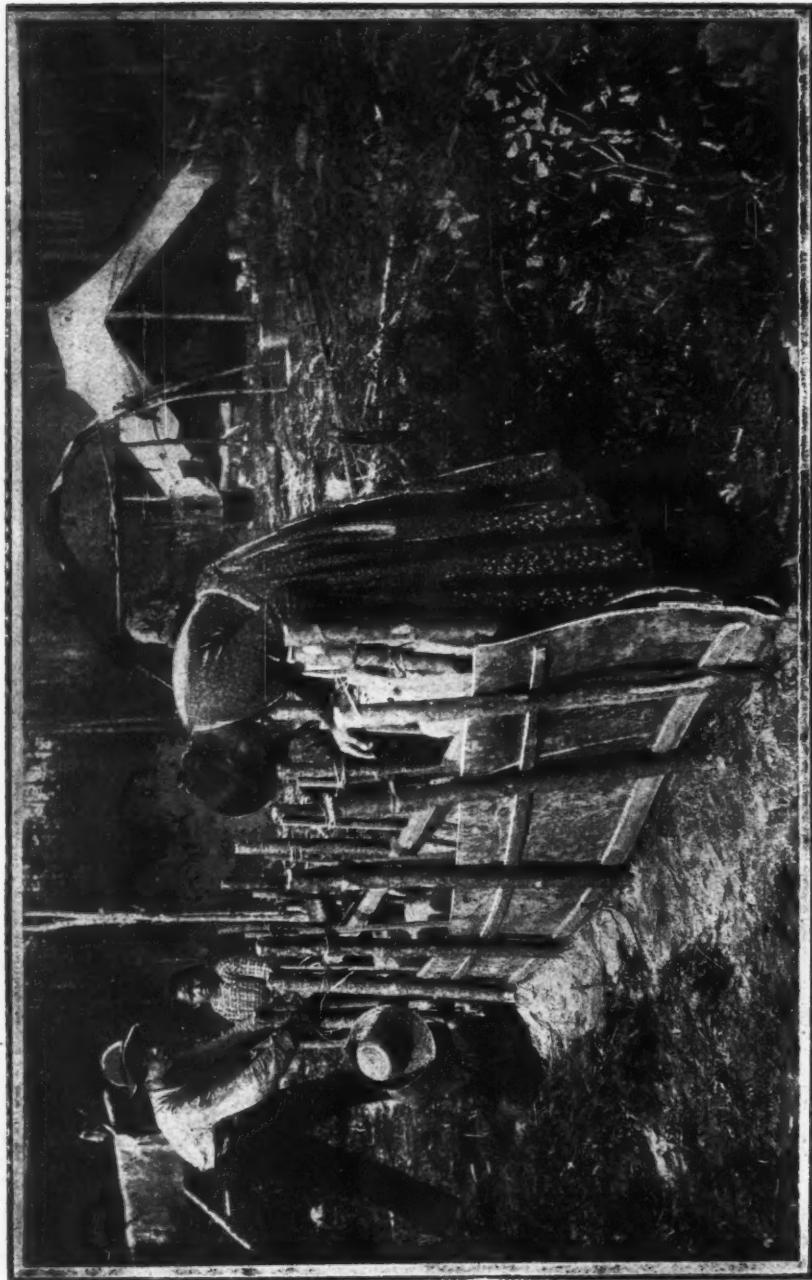
At Lo-Lo Springs in the Bitter Root Valley, Montana



Railroad Engineering in the West—A Tunnel on a Mountain Road



Outlet of Lost Lake, Hood River, Oregon



Indians Making a Birch Bark Canoe



The year 1876 may, I presume, be truthfully called the high watermark of our Indian warfare. The Nez Perce War of 1877 was vigorous and exciting, but only one tribe was engaged in it and the casualties were small as compared with those in 1876.

The war of 1876 was a bloody one, covering a wide territory; and while known as the Sioux War from the great preponderance of these bands of Indians grouped under the general name of Sioux, properly Dakota, taking part in it,

there were other tribes engaged therein. The most prominent of these was the Cheyenne tribe. These, in the early days, had become segregated into two bands known as the Northern and Southern Cheyennes, and as such they are known today. The former ranged on the plains north of the Platte river in the Sioux country; the latter roamed in the country watered by the Arkansas river and occupied also by the Comanches and Kiowas. About the time the Cheyennes separated, the Arapahoes also divided into Northern and Southern bands, each allying itself more or less closely with the corresponding band of Cheyennes, but there appears to have been no close union between the Northern Cheyennes and Arapahoes with the Sioux, although for years they occupied the same reservation.

The Cheyennes in general appear to have been restless and predatory and were in pretty constant conflict with the whites. When, therefore, in 1876, the Sioux war began, the prospect was too alluring for the Cheyennes to hold aloof, and both bands took part in it, particularly the Northern contingent. Cook fought them on the Rosebud; Merritt, in his fight on the War Bonnet, drove back a large war party of Southern Cheyennes who were trying to join their brethren in Crazy Horse's camp; they were among those who annihilated Custer on the Little Big Horn, and they were fought by McKenzie and Miles during the fall and winter of 1876-77. And strangely enough, too, some of them were allies of Cook and McKenzie in 1876-77, and after the terrible punishment given Dull Knife's band in November, 1876, and his subsequent cold reception by Crazy Horse, the Cheyennes quickly changed heart, surrendered, and were keen to go out and, with the whites,



Panoramic View of Lame Deer Agency

wreak vengeance on Crazy Horse and his following. Their firm determination to do this was the real reason for the peaceful surrender of the latter in 1877.

Early in 1877 the war was practically ended and many of the Cheyennes, upon their own request, were removed from the old Sioux reservation to Indian Territory where their Southern brethren were. This arrangement proved so unsatisfactory that in the summer of 1878 some 300 of them, including eighty-nine warriors, under Dull Knife and Little Wolf, broke away and endeavored to reach their old hunting grounds, leaving a bloody trail behind them. They were finally corralled, many killed and some of them returned to Indian Territory. The Cheyennes felt that they had been wronged and broke away in sheer desperation. Regarding this outbreak and the Indians themselves, General Crook said: "Among these \* \* \* were some of the bravest and most efficient of the auxiliaries who had acted under General McKenzie and myself in 1876 and 1877, and I still preserve a grateful remembrance of their distinguished services, which the government seems to have forgotten," a statement apt to somewhat prejudice one in their favor.

Events so shaped themselves that in 1884 the Tongue river reservation, as it is officially termed, was established adjoining the Crow reservation in Montana. It is popularly known as the Cheyenne reservation. Five hundred and eighty square miles were first set aside and subsequently 600 square miles were added, the total now being 1,180 square miles. The agency is located on Lame Deer creek, just below the Lame Deer battleground.

where, in May, 1877, General Miles whipped Lame Deer's band, the chief himself.

*The chief's chair.*



being killed, and buried in a natural rock sepulchre or cave near by. Miles himself escaped death by a hair's breadth.

Besides the agent and clerk and the soldiers, there are a school teacher, physician, blacksmith, traders' posts, boarding house, etc., making quite a trim little settlement of whites, while the policemen, interpreter, and other Indians in the vicinity, add to the general population.

In the summer of 1901 Mr. L. A. Huffman, a photographer of Miles City, Mont., and myself made a trip to the Cheyenne reservation. My quest was a special one, not pertinent to this paper, and it became necessary to ride all over the reservation, and I thus saw much of the Indians at their homes. My mission, a somewhat delicate one, was made easy by a letter of introduction from Dr. George Bird Grinnell, of New York, and this was warmly seconded in an earnest talk by Major Clifford, the agent.

The Indians received us hospitably, were patient and perfectly frank, having not the least apparent suspicion of my motives. I formed a high opinion of their general character, and believe that, properly handled and encouraged, they will become as proficient, comparatively, in the arts of peace as they formerly were valiant in war.

Leaving Miles City our route led through Fort Keogh, across the Divide—in places fearfully gullied and cut up—between the Tongue and Rosebud rivers, thence up the valley of the latter stream. It will be noted at once that we were on historic ground. It was the heart of the region over which Custer, Crook, Terry, Gibbon and Miles had marched, counter-marched, and fought Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse, Gall, Dull Knife and Lame Deer in 1876-77. Indeed, we were actually following Custer's trail up the Rosebud.

It is a most picturesque and charming landscape, and recalled strongly to mind, in some of its characteristics, some of my days of roughing it in the country drained by the Green, Grand and Colorado rivers.

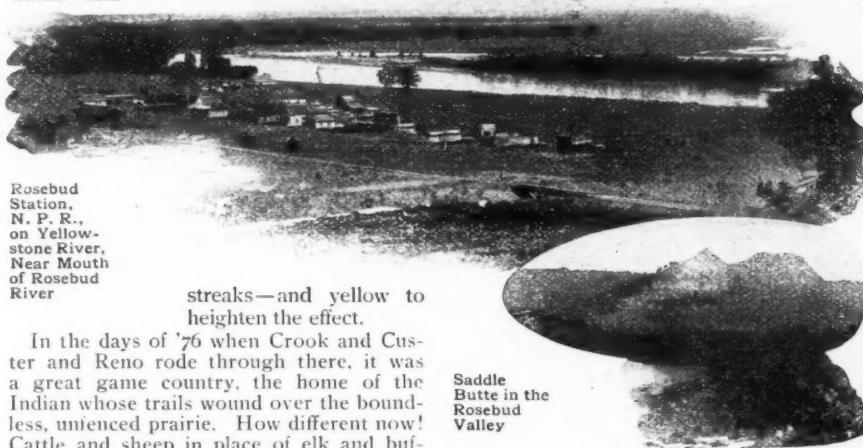
The Tongue river is a large, swiftly flowing, wide, sweeping river, with a

goodly amount of bottom lands bordering it, but I was greatly disappointed in the Rosebud. It is an insignificant stream, narrow, sluggish, roily, and unpicturesque. The valley is not as wide as that of the Tongue, but the borderings of it and its general presentment infinitely surpass the latter. Erosion has done some fine carving and the sculptural effects in the way of bald buttes, rounded hills, solitary, detached and unique stone columns, palisades and cliffs, are bold and edifying. At the Great Bend of the Rosebud the view is particularly strong. The river and valley swing, in wide and dignified sweep, from northeast to north, the valley widens out affording greater contrasts, the buttes and hills stand like giant monuments and to enliven the scene there is a vivid display of color. The tints are mainly pinks and

reds, with  
enough  
black—coal

were several hundred ponies, young and old, and they presented a pretty sight, there being so many white and mottled ones among them. This herd had been purchased from the Indians by whites and were bound for Eastern markets. The sale of their surplus ponies is about the only source of revenue the Cheyennes have.

Late one afternoon we reached the agency, located about four miles above the mouth of the creek. This stream, which was nameless in '76, is noted in the annals of Custer's march as the clear creek on which the Seventh cavalry camped on the night of June 23, 1876. It is often confounded with the Muddy, a few miles south of it.



Rosebud  
Station,  
N. P. R.,  
on Yellow-  
stone River,  
Near Mouth  
of Rosebud  
River

streaks—and yellow to  
heighten the effect.

In the days of '76 when Crook and Custer and Reno rode through there, it was a great game country, the home of the Indian whose trails wound over the boundless, unincised prairie. How different now! Cattle and sheep in place of elk and buffalo; ranch homes in lieu of tepees; roads have almost obliterated the old trails, and, what almost breaks an old-timer's heart, wire fences extend in all directions.

But the buttes and hills are the same, and one who understands can reconstruct, mentally, the picture as it presented itself to those troopers who formerly saw it as, alas! it will never again be seen.

The wild rose bushes which once grew so riotously along the banks of the stream and gave name to it, are scarcely to be found now except in occasional spots.

Huffman and I drove along at fair speed, stopping here and there to photograph, and obtaining meals and lodging at road ranches. We also carried a camp outfit, which came into convenient use several times.

Upon reaching the north line of the reservation we came upon an Indian pony herd grazing over the wide plain. There

Saddle  
Butte in the  
Rosebud  
Valley

Every two weeks the agent issues beef rations to the Indians. Then the red brethren gather from all parts of the reservation, and the narrow, beautiful little valley of the Lame Deer—the stream has lost its clearness now—is filled with Indians. Chiefs, old men, young bucks, squaws and papooses, all come to get their beef, and the village is strung out along the stream for three or four miles.

The log cabin is rapidly replacing the tepee on this reservation, and many Indians have built cabins near the agency, which they occupy at issue time. Many, also, leave their tepee lodge poles standing here so that when they arrive they have but to cast around them the cloth covering, when, presto! the skeleton becomes a domicile and a temporary home.

We reached Lame Deer a day or two after such an issue. The Indians and the glory had largely departed, but there were

many tepees yet to be seen with groups of Indians about. On scaffolds the meat of the slaughtered beeves was hanging and drying, and as rapidly as it cured the squaws folded the tents and, like the Arab, silently stole away. Indeed, the very next morning lovely Auburn of the plain was gone, for upon gazing from my bedroom

window down the valley, the eye saw only another "deserted village," with



Fortress rocks.

no Goldsmith to immortalize it.

We were escorted to the agent's office by a brace or two of youthful cavaliers, passing on the way a large group of mounted bucks powwowing. For hours they remained there, almost immovable, and finally, just at dusk, the long powwow resulted in a series of pony races.

We found Major Clifford, by whom we were received cordially, in his office and surrounded by his Indian police, interpreter and others, engaged in weighty consideration of reservation matters.

I was much impressed with the dignified, senatorial demeanor of the gathering. The major sat at his desk, with Squinteye, his Cheyenne interpreter, and Tall Bull, the captain of Indian police, in front of him, and the others ranged in chairs about the room, the police in blue uniforms and with silver badges on their breasts.

I became well acquainted with these men and am glad to feel that they are my friends.

Squinteye, or better, Little Eye, in Cheyenne, Itch-ke Match-in, subsequently did a good deal of interpreting for me, and did it well. He lived for a time with the Southern Cheyennes, has traveled, he told me, in New Mexico and Arizona among the Navajo and Pueblo Indians, with Cushing, the ethnologist, and was employed, at one time, at the National Museum at Washington.

Tall Bull, or Ho-to-ah Kah-ach-stash, is a tall, serious man who dignifies his position. He is a fine specimen of manhood, whether Indian or white. He, too, is an

artist, and made for me a pictographic and very interesting map in colors of the Custer battle.

While there is a troop of cavalry at the agency—Camp Merritt as it is known to the army—yet all the policing and maintaining of order on the reservation is done by this corps of Indian policemen. Wherever we went we found these fellows, rather odd looking in their broad brimmed, heavy, black felt hats, faithfully patrolling their districts.

One day while we were there, three young bucks were brought in charged with annoying a young Indian woman. Upon the woman's evidence one of them was placed in jail. In some manner he soon escaped, but within twenty-four hours a policeman sent after him, had him back behind the bolts.

The reservation is comparatively worthless agriculturally, but from a scenic or a stockman's standpoint it is all that could

be asked. The enlargement of the reservation secured to the Indians several good ranches on the Rosebud and Tongue rivers. These were owned by white men and were equipped with irrigation canals, buildings, fine meadows and alfalfa fields. The Indians have taken hold of these ranches in a commendable way, and it was encouraging to see them hard at work cutting and stacking alfalfa.

At the agency, several of them, under the direction of the blacksmith, were repairing mowing machines and making hayracks for their wagons.

If money were forthcoming for a good system of irrigating canals on a larger scale, considerable areas of land might yet be brought under cultivation. But for stock raising the country is almost a paradise, and to this purpose it should be devoted. The Cheyennes, however, have no money, are entirely dependent on the government for rations, have few cattle, no sheep, and not a large number of horses.

They are natural horsemen, and if, in addition to their pony herds they were supplied with cattle, for which the region

A Wolfer's outfit on the Rosebud.





is peculiarly adapted, all conditions would be well met, and the tribe would soon maintain themselves. There are large areas of grassy plateau country devoid of timber, and the old game trails and thousands of Buffalo wallows seen, show what a wild pasture ground it formerly was.

There is a good supply of timber and coal, and springs, ponds and small streams are fairly abundant. Let congress do the fair thing and give these fighters of the plains a chance to redeem themselves and earn their livelihood in a manner at once natural and congenial.

As we traversed the reservation and saw and talked with these people in their own habitations, it was hard to persuade myself that there was not some great flaw in our former treatment of them, that they were such Ishmaelites as they appear once to have been.

They now seem amenable to restraint, are slowly working out from under their old superstitions, appear strong and healthy, and are noted, both men and women, far and wide, for their sobriety and chastity.

The evening of our arrival, as we were standing in Mr. Walter's store, Huffman touched me on the shoulder and remarked quietly: "Here comes American Horse." Slowly down the store with stately, martial tread came a tall, straight Indian

wrapped in a dirty white muslin blanket, a kind much used by the Cheyennes in summer. He looked like a chief and general. His long, straight hair was black as a raven's wing, and intelligence, repose, honesty, and character in general were stamped all over him. When I was introduced to him afterward, he met me in the open, dignified way that one would naturally expect.

Twice I visited him at his home, some ten miles away, in a beautiful vale where he and his two wives and children live. There, near a fine spring, he looks after his drove of horses, cultivates a patch of ground, and lives as



the old patriarchs did. There, too, you see him at his best.

It was intensely interesting to me to watch the old chief, as he leaned back against a pole of a scaffold roofed and shaded by evergreen boughs, and recounted to me his tale of a time long ago, which I sought. After a smoke in his pipe of red pipestone—which I afterward obtained—in which all his family joined, with infinite patience and impressive gesture he told his story, his eye lighting up with the light of an ancient fire. An Indian grandee is Whe-ah Ay-vwah.

Of quite another sort is Ho-to-ah Wokomas, or White Bull, a medicine chief. In voice and physique, he savors strongly of the Teuton. He looks not unlike the pictures of Oom Paul Kruger and is, I infer from what I saw and heard, the Bismarck of the Cheyennes.



An Indian camp  
on the Lame Deer.

A Cheyenne  
dance house  
and  
council room  
Little used now



Tongue river  
(Lame Deer)  
agency.  
Star shows school-house.



Bucks  
pow-  
wowing  
about  
pony  
races.

Beef  
drying.

White Bull  
being interviewed.



It was a long drive to White Bull's cabin over on Tongue river, but across a beautiful and rolling country, an old buffalo pasture, with the peaks of the snow-mantled Big Horn range in view.

My interpreter on this occasion was Wm. Rowland, an old plainsman of fine military bearing, who appeared as if he might have been one of St. George Cooke's or Kearny's dragoons. Rowland is a good interpreter, was with Stansbury and Gunnison in their survey of Great Salt Lake in 1849, and he had, in early days, married into the Cheyenne tribe.

When we arrived at Ho-to-ah Wo-komas' cabin he was at work in his field. His bright little daughter chased cheerfully away after him, and he soon came in and greeted us cordially.

White Bull prides himself upon his freedom from superstition, and believes not, he says, in the Indian Messiah, ghost dances, etc. He was one of the Cheyenne chiefs at the Custer fight, had a son killed there, and knew Sitting Bull well. He exhibited letters from General Miles and others, and photographs of army officers now long dead and gone, which he carefully treas-

ured. For some of the men the old chief has, beyond doubt, a sincere affection.

We had a long and most interesting "talk," proceeded by the usual smoke, and the chief was frankness itself. He is rather seriously inclined, gestilates much—more than American Horse—and submitted admirably to interruption and interpolation. The chief's weak eyes compel him to wear old-fashioned goggles, and with these, and clad in leggings and vest of buckskin ornamented with porcupine quills in many colors, he was truly a picturesque figure. As showing that these people have an appreciation of the smaller amenities of life, I relate an incident that occurred

this day. To find a stopping place for the night it was necessary to drive from White Bull's, some miles down the Tongue river, to St. Labres' mission school. This school is managed by the Ursuline Sisters of the Catholic church, and apparently with fair success. The Mother Superior was very kind to us and we appreciated her courtesies. On our way there we passed a young Indian who had stopped to gather some onions at a garden and whose horse had taken French leave of him. Within two or three miles we overtook the pony, caught him, and I held him until the owner came up, which was within a few minutes. As he took the bridle reins, he very modestly and graciously turned toward me and in broken way said "Tchank oo."



Cheyenne Indian policemen.  
(Tall Bull is at the right end.)

Tall Bull.

And then came the Indian's revenge on the pony. Mounting him the Indian dug his heels into the pony's ribs and was off like the wind. One mile, two, three miles, and until a divide cut off the view, he kept him going on the dead run.

Two more chiefs, unlike either American Horse or White Bull, are A-shay-o Nish-is, or Two Moons, as he is usually called, and Ho-nay Oh-kahs, or Brave Wolf. The first is a very large, fleshy man, with a fat, oval face not unlike the moon itself, and with benevolence and good nature stamped all over it. Brave Wolf is a much smaller man, but his fine face would attract attention anywhere. A-shay-o Nish-is wears spectacles, and properly togged out, would make a very presentable Methodist bishop, barring the piety. He is now sixty years old, and weighs 225 pounds or more,

are as proud as Lucifer, and rarely beg. They fight



American Horse and family.

and is nearly six feet and a half in height. The chief says the whites turn his name around. He says "Cheyennes say A-shay-o Nish-is—Moon Two! Americans say Two Moons."

Of these men some were scouts with Miles against Lame Deer in 1877; White Bull and Brave Wolf were with Miles in 1877 in the Nez Perce campaign; Brave Wolf and Moon Two—to respect the chief's opinion—were with Terry in 1878, against Dull Knife and Little Wolf, and Moon Two and Brave Wolf were Cheyenne Scouts for General Miles in his campaign against Sitting Bull in 1879.

Ex-Congressman John F. Finerty, who, as a correspondent for the Chicago Times, accompanied Crook through all the Sioux campaign in 1876, and was with Miles in 1879, writes thus in "War Path and Bivouac," regarding the Indians with Miles:

"The Cheyennes

like lions, and are, taken together, Indians of the dime novel type. Some of them are amazingly intelligent, and, strange as it may seem to my readers, are of gentlemanly deportment. Brave Wolf was as graceful as a courtier, and had a face of remarkable refinement. \* \* \* Little Wolf, the Cheyenne chief, was regarded with respect by all the

American Horse's camp and pony herd, Lame Deer reservation.



Troup of Cavalry from Lame Deer Agency

Ho-to-ah Wo'-ko-mas



officers, on account of his honesty and fearlessness. He and Brave Wolf were accounted the best Indians in the command."

Besides the Cheyennes, Miles had Sioux, Crows, Assiniboines and Bannacks with him.

Brave Wolf is, I think, all that Finerty claimed for him. All these chiefs were allied with Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull in the Sioux war of 1876; now each one has his farm or ranch on the reservation, and there Huffman and I were

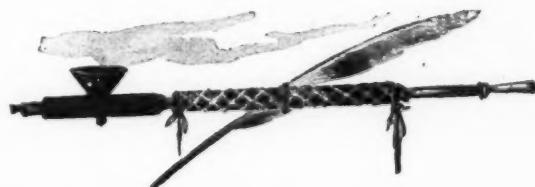
received by them with warmth, dignity and hospitality.

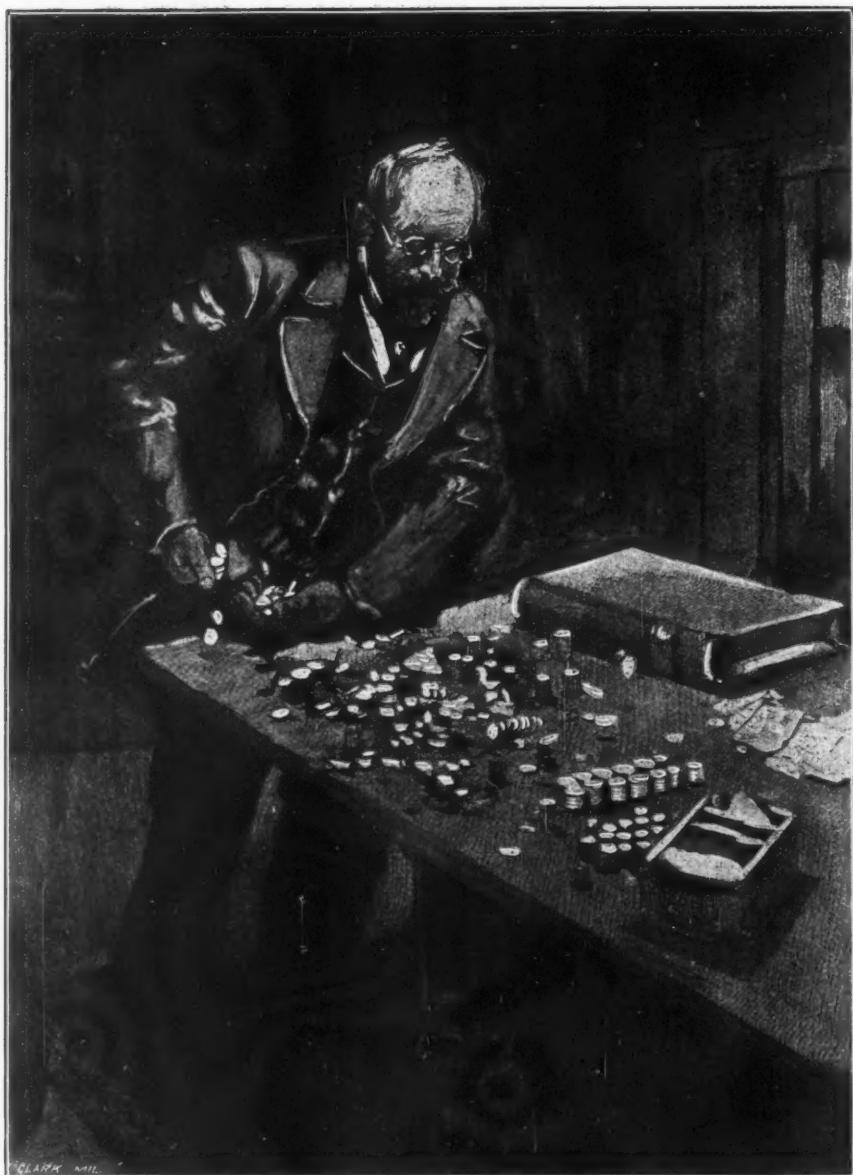
I was struck with the bearing of the Cheyenne women and children. There was little or none of that extreme diffidence and hiding so characteristic of Indian women and children. The women were modesty itself and sufficiently retiring, and the children had evidently been taught that they were to be seen rather than heard, but with both there was a certain sort of fearlessness and lack of scariness, in meeting strangers, quite unusual and refreshing to see.

These people, of course, are Indians, not whites, but they are intelligent, brave, proud, sensitive and, according to their agent, are advancing and improving. Their view-point of many things is not ours, and while Indians they will always remain, I am convinced that our treatment of them is the solution of their good or ill behavior.

OLIN D. WHEELER.

Illustrations courtesy of "Wonderland"





"Gauging Their Weight, Muttering to Himself the While"—Miser Hoadley's Secret



## PROLOGUE

### The Threat

"Silence! Silence!" called the ushers, stilling the hum of conversation in the sparsely attended criminal court, during the absence of the jury to consider their verdict in a case of attempted murder.

As the jury filed back into the court, the prisoner—a man of about middle height, but wiry and very muscular in build, with a taciturn, sullen look in his face—watched them with an expression more suggestive of curiosity than anxiety. It seemed as if he was, or wished to appear, indifferent about the verdict.

The judge took his seat on the bench, and, after the usual formal questions, the foreman announced the verdict.

"Guilty!"

There was a slight murmur in the court, and an old man, who was sitting near the jury-box and had been anxiously and intently observing them, turned, with a sigh of relief, and looked across at the prisoner in the dock. Then he pressed both his hands on an old stick he was carrying, and bent his head down, only glancing up for a minute when the judge began to address the prisoner, to pass sentence.

"James Linnegan, the jury have found you guilty on all the counts of the indictment, and with that verdict I agree entirely. Your offence is most heinous. But for the fact that the witness, Bloxam, interrupted you at the time, there is little doubt but that you would be on your trial, not merely for wounding this old man, Simeon Hoadley, but for murdering him. Your crime was a most deliberate one, deliberately planned and deliberately executed. You went to the house with murder in your thoughts; and when the first shot that you fired at your intended victim missed him, you fired a second and wounded him; and you were in the very act of firing a third time when you were stopped by the woman Bloxam. You are a most dangerous man; and in such a case I feel compelled to pass a severe sentence. The sentence of the court is that you be sent to penal servitude for the term of twenty years."

The prisoner had not raised his head once during the short harangue of the judge, but when he heard the terrible sen-

tence, he looked up, first at the judge, and then round the court in a half-dazed manner. His face went white as death, and he clutched for an instant at the rail in front of him, and then the blood rushed back to his face, and he cried out almost hysterically.

"Twenty years! Twenty years! For nothing?"

The ushers repeated their calls for silence; but every eye turned to the dock, where the prisoner was struggling in a fit of absolutely ungovernable frenzy.

He broke away from the warders who had gone to remove him, and clinging to the dock rail with one hand, he pointed the other at the old man sitting near the jury box.

"I'm innocent. It was they who tried to murder me," he shouted, at the top of his voice, pointing to the old man and the woman Bloxam, who was sitting beside him. "Twenty years! My God, why I did nothing! But I will do it. Do you hear me, Simeon Hoadley? I'll have your life for this, I swear. If you're not dead when I come out, I'll swing for you, I swear I will; if it's twenty years hence."

The old man cowered and trembled and covered his face with his hands in evident fear, and dared not even look up at the prisoner, who fought and struggled with the constables in the dock, and screamed out threats and curses in a very paroxysm of rage, until he had been forced down the dock steps. Even after he had disappeared, his shouts and cries continued to reach the court, only dying away gradually, as he was carried off to the cells.

The old man sat on, taking no heed that the court was being cleared, until presently one of the attendants came to him and touched him on the shoulder, saying they were waiting for him to go, in order to close the place.

"Is he safely locked up?" he asked, white even to the lips with fear.

"Yes, he's safe enough now," answered the man smiling. "And so are you, master, for twenty years to come."

"Thank heaven for that!" exclaimed Simeon Hoadley in reply, as he drew his hand across his parched dry lips and rose to leave the court.

## FOR FREEDOM

"Fall in there; fall in!"

A heavy mist had come down suddenly on the moorland, and the wardens in charge of a gang of convicts were anxious to get them back to the prison without delay.

"Fall in, at once!" came the command, in loud tones of authority.

The men hung back a little, and one or two seemed to hesitate about obeying the order. The mist deepened every moment, and the wardens, growing more and more anxious, hurried hither and thither, urging the men to fall in at once.

A few of the convicts stood in a group, talking together in low tones. Then one of them, a tall, burly, powerful man, called out—

"Boys, who'll make a dash for liberty? We shan't have a better chance if we wait for years. Say, who'll follow me?"

"I will," called out one man. "And I, and I," shouted others.

"Stand back, there," rang out the voice of the chief warden, as he levelled his rifle at the ring-leader. "Stand back, or I fire."

"Come on, boys!" was the man's response to the threat, as he rushed upon the warden. The latter fired point blank at him, but in the confusion of the moment missed his aim, and the next minute his rifle was dashed out of his hands, and he himself was knocked down.

"Hurrah! Down with the beggars!" shouted the big convict, as he leaped over the fallen man, and rushed to head an attack upon the rest of the wardens, who were standing together with their rifles leveled at the approaching convicts. The first success, in disarming and overcoming the chief warden, had set the men's blood on fire; they were mad with the hope of liberty, and paid no heed to the rifles.

"Now, boys, all together!" shouted the ring-leader. "We'll soon bowl these chaps over."

"What's the good?" cried one of them. "We can't get away, if we do. Don't try it, mate."

"Who's that traitor? Down with the spy. Down with the jailor's lick-spittle. Who spoke then?"

"I did," answered the man, "and I mean it. I'm no spy; but I'm no fool, either."

"Knock him on the head; brain him with your spade," cried several of the men.

This altercation stayed the onward rush of the men for a moment; but only for a moment; then several of them rushed forward, and a fierce fight ensued.

Meanwhile, one or two of the convicts had set upon the warden, who had been already knocked down; and the man who had spoken against the whole attempt,

seeing this, ran to the fallen man's assistance.

"Shame on ye, mates!" he cried, as he seized the man's gun, and stood over him, brandishing the weapon to defend the man and himself from their onslaught. "Shame on ye! Would ye kill a man that can't defend himself?"

"Out of the way, or we'll kill you, you spy," growled a villainous looking ruffian, raising his spade and aiming a deadly blow at the other. The man parried the blow, and then knocked the ruffian senseless with the butt end of the gun. The rest raised a howl of baffled rage, and rushed upon him in a body. He fought valiantly and with extraordinary agility and skill, and succeeded in beating back the attack, and in wounding one or two of them. But they were too numerous to be kept long at bay, and he would certainly have been killed, if the warders, who had beaten off the attack made on them, had not seen the peril of their comrade and his defender, and come to the rescue. Just as they ran up, the convict received a violent blow on the head, which laid him on the ground by the side of the insensible warden whom he had so bravely defended.

The attempted escape had been prevented, however, and a body of warders, sent out hastily from the prison when the mist had begun to fall, came up at that moment, and the convicts threw down their spades and picks, and gave in.

"Who is it?" was asked of the warden, who was bending over the convict and examining the wound on his head, from which blood was flowing. "Is he dead?"

"No, he's not dead; but he's got a nasty wound on the head. It's that quiet chap, 486. I didn't think he'd got such pluck in him."

"Well, he's a brave chap to stand alone against that troop of howling devils," answered another warden who had seen the whole attack.

"Yes, he deserves his liberty, and I'll get it if he don't die, that is," was the reply. Then they ordered the crowd of vanquished convicts to fall in, and picking up the wounded men, carried them at the rear of the line of march back to the prison.

No. 486 was the convict, James Lingen-gan, who had served five years of his sentence.

## CHAPTER I

## No. 50 Clergy Street, Clerkenwell

"Well, are you going to have them or not? Just say the word, that's all. I'm not going to stop here all day."

"I tell you they're no good to me. The last I had I lost by. It was all very well when I could manage to get rid of them easily, but now the man's dead who used

to take them, and stones cut like that emerald would be known anywhere. Where did you get them?" And old Simeon Hoadley fixed his cold, sharp, gray eyes on the face of his companion, who was offering to sell him some unset stones.

The man gave a short laugh as he answered—

"What's that got to do with it? Are you going to turn particular all of a sudden? I have 'em and you can buy 'em at a price. Ain't that good enough? Don't ask fool's questions."

The two men were sitting in Simeon Hoadley's small room—his office as he called it—at No. 50 Clergy-street, Clerkenwell; a dirty street with a dirtier reputation. On the table between them lay the stones, diamonds, rubies and emeralds, about which they were chaffering and bargaining."

"There's only one stone worth anything," continued the old man, taking them up one by one and examining them very critically.

"That's a lie," answered his companion, "and you know it. They're all good, everyone of 'em. They're worth near on to a thousand pounds of anyone's money. So there."

The old man started at these words, and put the stones back instantly on to the table, and pushed them across to his companion.

"There, take them away, take them away," he cried. "Take them where fools are ready to believe fools' tales."

"I didn't say I wanted a thousand pounds for 'em," returned the other, laughing at Hoadley's eagerness. "I said they cost a thousand."

"You didn't. You said they were worth it. Take them away, I say, take them away. I wouldn't give more than twenty pounds for the lot. There's only one stone that hasn't a flaw."

"Why, that diamond's worth £500 by itself; you know it is, too," cried the other man, angered at Hoadley's words.

"Fool!" exclaimed the old man. "It isn't worth five pounds. Do you think you can take me in? Watch." He opened a drawer in his table as he spoke, and took out a small tin cup, into which he poured some liquid from a bottle taken from the same drawer. He placed the diamond in it, and kindling a spirit lamp, held the cup over it for a minute or two. In a short time he took the stone out, and examining it very closely through a watchmaker's eyeglass, he had no difficulty in dividing it into two parts; and he showed the other man that it was composed of two stones, cut flat at the back, and then joined together.

"Two bad halves have had the flaws cut away, and then have been joined to make one stone. It's difficult to detect

in certain kinds of setting," he said, "but a fool ought to see it in a naked stone." He spoke almost contemptuously.

"What a dol!" growled the other man, with a muttered oath. "Well, you shall have the lot for a hundred," he added.

"Take them away, I tell you; I don't want them," cried Simeon Hoadley, again; "they're not the kind of goods for my purpose."

"Well, hang it, what will you give?"

"I'll give you twenty pounds; and then I shall lose seven pounds by the deal. But I have done pretty well by some you have brought me, and I don't like to see you disappointed about that stone."

"You shall have 'em for fifty," returned the other; and then a long bargaining squabble followed, in which both men grew angry, and high words were interchanged. At the end of it, Simeon Hoadley purchased the jewels for £24 10s. He went to a large safe which stood in a corner of the room, and taking out an old cash-box, counted out all the money that was in it, and swore that all he had in the world was £23 15s. This amount the other man at length agreed to accept, calling Hoadley a miser, skin-flint, screw, and many such terms, to all of which the old man paid not the slightest heed.

"The worst day's work I've done for twenty years," he said, as his visitor was going. "I shall lose ten pounds—perhaps twelve—by the deal."

But, when he came back to the table, after the man had left the house, his manner was by no means that of one who has made a bad or even a doubtful bargain. He smiled to himself, and rubbed his hands together gently, and his face had such an expression of satisfaction, his eyes especially glowing with a light of satisfied cunning, that it was evident he had done well.

He poured the contents of the tin cup back into the little bottle, and put cup and bottle again into the drawer.

"What a fool," he murmured to himself, "not to know his own diamond again." Then he took out the stones he had just purchased, and laid them on the table in front of him. Among them were the two halves of the large diamond. He put these together, and compared them with a large stone which he picked out of a drawer that stood open during the interview.

"Any fool might have seen the difference," he muttered again, as he compared the diamond with the two halves. "But he didn't. What a fool! It's a lovely stone—perfect; without a flaw or speck—a perfect brilliant. He was right. It is worth £500, if it's worth a shilling. And he never saw me make the change!" With this he put the two halves back into the drawer, with the tin mug and the bottle.

He had cheated the man. When he

had bent down to get out the cup and spirit-lamp, he had substituted a joined stone of his own, for the brilliant which the man had brought; and by simply melting the cement that bound the two halves of his stone together, he had made the other man believe that his brilliant was false.

This was not the first time, by many a hundred, in which Simeon Hoadley's cunning, in his thirty years of bargaining and dealing, had enabled him to over-reach those who came to him.

He subjected all the stones once more to a close and minute scrutiny; and when he had satisfied himself of their real value—and there was no better judge of this in all London—he divided them into two lots. One consisted of a few small stones, which he intended to sell in order to recoup himself for the outlay for the whole; and the other, which included all the finest and largest stones, notably the magnificent brilliant, he put aside to be kept.

He looked round the room, considering where he should put them.

It was a mean, dirty, poverty-stricken place enough; the furniture being of the commonest, most comfortless, and shabbiest description. A piece of dingy carpet, frayed and threadbare, covered the centre of the room, and showed the grimy floorboards through many a rent and hole. The table had once been a good one—a library table with several drawers—but the leather top was worn completely away, the knobs of the drawers were either broken or missing, and the woodwork was scratched and worn and discolored. Four common wooden chairs were in the room, rickety, scratched, and chipped like the table. The grate was without fender or fire-irons, and was rusty, and dim, and neglected. On one side of the room stood an old bureau that seemed to be tumbling to pieces with age and decay, and some shelves in a recess by the chimney were much in the same condition, and seemed scarcely able to sustain the weight of the dusty papers and the few books which were piled without order or method upon them. The only thing in the room which showed any signs of care or attention was the large heavy safe, the clean, fresh brightness of which formed a sharp contrast to everything else, except on this, the dirt and dust and filth had accumulated everywhere in such quantities as to suggest that the place had been untouched by broom or duster for months.

Simeon Hoadley himself was as dirty and untidy as the room in which he sat. His long brown coat was greasy with age, and frayed at the pockets and cuffs, his trousers were jagged and darned and pieced, and his boots were down at heel and patched to such a degree that little of the original leather remained. On his head he wore a very old skull cap, which

had started in life as velvet, but from which every trace of nap had long been gone. It was too big for his head—he had found it one day in the street and had worn it every day since—and it would often slip partly off, now behind his head, now over one ear, in a manner that would have provoked any other man. But Simeon had no intention of buying another—he never bought any clothes—and felt no trouble about it.

His one consuming thought was how to get money or money's worth. For thirty years he had striven and fought and labored for that one end; and the craving that had had its origin in want, had grown into his nature and had become part of himself. For thirty years, he had cheated and robbed and defrauded and lied, until now a bargain had no savor for him in which there was no room for his talents? And for thirty years he had lived so hard a life, had denied himself every luxury, and starved himself so rigorously that now he could not eat the hardest food, or buy the sheerest necessary trifle without a pang of pain and regret at the outlay.

His miserliness had become a mania with him.

Yet he was rich far beyond any expectation he had ever formed in his younger days. When he had first begun to save in early life, he had sometimes laid by a small jewel or two, thinking it a convenient form in which to save, and as his years increased and his means expanded, the love of jewels had developed into a positive passion with him. No matter where they might have come from, found, stolen, or honestly gotten, Simeon Hoadley was always ready to buy jewels. He asked no questions; or if he asked them he cared nothing for the answers that were made. He would buy and take all risks; and so shrewd and cunning and keen was he, that though many thousands of pounds' worth of such jewels had passed through his hands in thirty years he had never made a mistake as to the value of a single stone, and had never had traced to his possession a single stolen jewel.

His love of jewels—especially of diamonds and emeralds—was even a stronger passion than his love of money. To him there was no greater or more fascinating delight than to sit and toy with his diamonds and emeralds. He had them always at hand, hidden in curious secret places. He would take some of them out and lay them on the table, hold them in the palm of one hand and turn them over fondly and lovingly with the forefinger of the other, murmur terms of endearment to them, place them against his cheek, his forehead, his lips, kiss them as if they were things of life. He worshipped them very much as worships his idol.

When the man whom he had cheated left him, he shut the door of his room carefully, and taking out a number of stones from the places where they were hidden he compared them with those he had just bought, holding them side by side to the light, gauging their weight and thickness, muttering to himself the while, and mumbling caressing words over the stones. He played with them like a child with a treasured toy, and was completely absorbed in the pleasure of the task, and lost to every other feeling but the fierce, intense, concentrated joy of possession.

Someone knocked at the door, after a while; but the miser did not hear the knock, until it had been twice repeated.

"Who's that?" he called out, in a sharp, querulous voice. "Go away; don't bother me, I'm trying to get a nap."

"Here's your food," was the reply, in a woman's voice, unpleasant and deep-toned. "You'd better take it now, you'll sleep all the better for it."

The old man picked up the stones over which he had been gloating, and talking in a shrill tone all the time to cover the sound of his movements, he crept like a thief, about the room, putting them back in the places he had taken them from. Then he opened the door, and groaned.

"What's the matter?" asked a tall, gaunt, large-featured woman, with brown, beady eyes, that had a repulsive look.

"I've been taken in, cheated, lied to, robbed," answered Simeon, volubly. "I had twenty-two pounds left in the world, and a scoundrel came and made me give it all to him, for what isn't worth half or quarter of the money. Oh, the fool that I am! The easily robbed, helpless, fool that I am!" and he tore the skull cap off his head, and threw it on the ground, and plunged his hands among his scant grey hair, as if in a frenzy of despair.

"Do you want to spoil that nice new cap of yours?" asked the woman, as she picked it up with a laugh. "So you've been cheated, have you, Simeon? Ha!" and she laughed a mirthless, sneering, dry laugh. "Cheated you, eh? Ha ha! Poor old fool. You, cheated? Ha ha! Twenty-two pounds, had you? Why you had only two shillings and a half-penny this morning, so you told me. Must have been raining sovereigns, I should think. Oh, Simeon Hoadley what an old liar you are!"

"Not to you, Bloxam; not to you, dear old friend," mumbled the man, taking her hard, bony hand in his fingers, and speaking in a half-cringing tone. "Not to my trusted old helpmate of ever so many years. How many years is it that you've lived for nothing in this house, having your own rooms like a lady, and priding it with the best of them? Oh, but you are a lucky woman, Bloxam; with so much to enjoy now, and the house to be

your own soon, when poor old Simeon lies dead. You are a lucky woman. That twenty pounds would have been yours too, Bloxam, if it hadn't been stolen away from me," he said, eyeing the woman from under his shaggy brows.

"A lucky woman, am I?" returned the woman, "to have to find you in food every day, to say nothing of having to keep the whole place tidy and clean and neat; and taking care of the house, just to get a roof to lie under. Lucky, indeed; it's yours is the luck—mine's the work."

"It's only taking care of your own, Bloxam," said Simeon, in a soft, sly, conciliating voice, "or what'll be your own some day. Ah, and soon, too, Bloxam, for I'm breaking up, sadly. And this blow, to-day, is enough to knock five years off my life. The villain—the scoundrel—to cheat a poor old man out of half his all! What a proud woman you will be that day, Bloxam, when you're living in your own house, just for all the world like a lady of title. How everybody will envy you!" he added leering at her.

"Well, I shall have to pay for their envy, by the time I get it," said the woman, coarsely, as she went away.

"That you will, you old catamount," said Simeon to himself, as he fastened the door behind her. "If you don't get anyone to envy you till this house is yours, you'll die a disappointed woman, Martha Bloxam. The old frump! To think that I'm going to give her this house, just in return for a few bits of bread day by day! The grasping old hunk!"

He took the food she had brought—bread, cold meat and water—and he sat down to the table to eat it. While he was eating he brought some of his diamonds out and played with them, moving them gently with his fingers, turning them over in his hand, and holding them up to admire their glitter, and shimmer, and brilliancy. He never tired of doing this, and when, presently, he took up the piece of newspaper, in which the cold meat had been wrapped he still toyed with the stones.

Suddenly, he gave a violent start, and cried out as if in fear. He dropped the paper, and clutched with both hands the precious stones on the table, and glanced round the room with quick, hurried, nervous looks. Then he rose, and with unsteady limbs walked round the room, and put back the gems in their hiding places, his fingers trembling violently all the time.

Then he went back to the table and sank down on the chair, and picking up the paper again read eagerly, and with almost fierce agitation the paragraph that had so disturbed him.

It was the announcement of James Linnegan's pardon and discharge from jail; and the old man's face was white and wet with fear as he read.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



The Pet of the Family—See "Character of Dogs," Page 233



Courtesy Western Camera Notes, Minneapolis

## THE CHARACTER OF DOGS

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

The civilization, the manners and the morals of dog-kind are to a great extent subordinate to those of his ancestral masters, the caprices of the tyrant. But the dog, man. This animal, in many ways so superior, has accepted a position of inferiority, shares the domestic life, and humors the caprices of the tyrant. But the potentate like the British in India, pays small regard to the character of his willing client, judges him with listless glances, and condemns him in a byword. Listless have been the looks of his admirers, who have exhausted idle terms of praise, and buried the poor soul below exaggerations. And yet more idle and, if possible, more unintelligent has been the attitude of his express detractors; those who are very fond of dogs, "but in their proper place;" who say "poo' fellow," and are themselves far poorer; who whet the knife of the vivisectionist or heat his oven; who are not ashamed to admire "the creature's instinct;" and flying far beyond folly, have dared to resuscitate the theory of animal machines. The "dog's instinct and the automaton dog," in this age of psychology and science, sounds like strange anachronisms. An automaton, he certainly is: a machine working independently of his control, the heart like the millwheel, keeping all in motion, and the consciousness, like a person shut in a mill garret, enjoying the view out of the window and shaken by the thunder of the stones:—an automaton in one corner of which a living spirit is confined; automaton like man. Instinct again, he certainly possesses. Inherited aptitudes are his, inherited frailties. Some things he at once views and understands, as though he were awakened from

a sleep, as though he came "trailing clouds of glory." But with him, as with man, the field of instinct is limited; its utterances are obscure and occasional; and about the far larger part of life both the dog and his master must conduct their steps by deduction and observation.

The leading distinction between dog and man, after and perhaps before the different duration of their lives, is that the one can speak and that the other cannot. The absence of the power of speech confines the dog in the development of his intellect; it hinders him from many speculations, for words are the beginning of metaphysic; at the same blow it saves him from many superstitions; and his silence has won for him a higher name for virtue than his conduct justifies. The faults of the dog are many. He is vainer than man, singularly greedy of notice, singularly intolerant of ridicule, suspicious like the deaf, jealous to the degree of frenzy, and radically devoid of truth. The day of an intelligent small dog is past in the manufacture and the laborious communication of falsehood; he lies with his tail, he lies with his eye, he lies with his protesting paw; and when he rattles his dish or scratches at the door his purpose is other than appears. But he has some apology to offer for the vice. Many of the signs which form his dialect have come to bear an arbitrary meaning, clearly understood both by his master and himself; yet when a new want arises he must either invent a new vehicle of meaning or wrest an old one to a different purpose; and this necessity, frequently recurring, must tend to lessen his idea of the sanctity of symbols. Meanwhile the dog is clear in his own con-

science, and draws with a human nicety the distinction between form and essential truth. Of his punning perversions, his legitimate dexterity with symbols, he is even vain; but when he has told or been detected in a lie, there is not a hair upon his body but confesses guilt. To a dog of gentlemanly feeling, theft and falsehood are disgraceful vices. The canine, like the human gentlemen, demands in his misdemeanors Montaigne's "je ne sais quoi de genereux." He is never more than half ashamed of having barked or bitten; and for those faults into which he has been lead by the desire to shine before a lady of his race, he retains, even under physical corrections, a share of pride. But to be caught lying if he understands it, instantly uncurls his fleece.

Just as among dull observers he preserves a name for truth, the dog has been credited with modesty. It is amazing how the use of language blunts the faculties of man—that because vain glory finds no vent in words, creatures supplied with eyes have been unable to detect a fault so gross and obvious. If a small spoiled dog were suddenly to be endowed with speech, he would prate interminably, and still about himself; when we had friends, we should be forced to lock him in a garret; and what with his whining jealousies and his foible for falsehood, in a year's time he would have gone far to weary out our love. I was about to compare him to Sir Willoughby Patterne, but the Patternes have a manlier sense of their own merits; and the parallel, besides, is ready. Hans Christian Anderson, as we behold him in his startling memories, thrilling from top to toe with an excruciating vanity; and scouting even along the street for shadows of offense—here was the talking dog.

It is just this rage for consideration that has betrayed the dog into his satellite position as the friend of man. The cat, an animal of franker appetites, preserves his independence. But the dog, with one eye ever on the audience, has been wheeled into slavery, and praised and patted in the renunciation of his nature. Once he seized hunting and became man's plate-licker, the Rubicon was crossed. Thenceforth, he was a gentleman of leisure; and except the few whom we keep working the whole race grew more and more self-conscious, mannered and affected. The number of things that a small dog does naturally is strangely small. Enjoying better spirits and not crushed under material cares, he is far more theatrical than average man. His whole life, if he be a dog of any pretension to gallantry, is spent in a vain show, and in the hot pursuit of admiration. Take out your puppy for a walk, and you will find the little ball of fur clumsy, stupid, bewildered, but natural. Let but a few months pass, and when you repeat the process you will find

nature buried in convention. He will do nothing plainly; but the simplest processes of our material life will all be bent into the forms of an elaborate and mysterious etiquette. Instinct, says the fool, has awokened. But it is not so,—some, at the very least—if they be kept separate from others, remain quite natural; and these, when at length they meet with a companion of experience, and have the game explained to them, distinguish themselves by the severity of their devotion to its rules. I wish I were allowed to tell a story which would radiantly illuminate the point; but men, like dogs, have an elaborate and mysterious etiquette. It is their bond of sympathy that both are the children of convention.

The person, man or dog who has a conscience is eternally condemned to some degree of humbug; the sense of the law in their members fatally precipitates either towards a frozen and affected bearing. And the converse is true; and in the elaborate and conscious manners of the dog, moral opinions and the love of the ideal stand confessed. To follow for ten minutes in the street some swaggering, canine cavalier, is to receive a lesson in dramatic art and the cultured conduct of the body; in every act and gesture you see him true to a refined conception, and the dullest cur, beholding him, pricks up his ear and proceeds to imitate and parody that charming ease. For to be a high mannered and high minded gentleman, careless, affable, and gay, is the inborn pretension of the dog. The large dog, so much lazier, so much more weighed upon with matter, so majestic in repose, so beautiful in effort, is born with the dramatic means to wholly represent the part. And it is more pathetic and perhaps more instructive to consider the small dog in his conscientious and imperfect efforts to outdo Sir Philip Sidney. For the ideal of the dog is feudal and religious; the ever present polytheism, the whip-bearing Olympus of mankind, rules them on the one hand; on the other, their singular difference of size and strength among themselves effectually prevents the appearance of the democratic notion. Or we might more exactly compare their society to the curious spectacle presented by a school—ushers, monitors, and big and little boys—qualified by one circumstance, the introduction of the other sex. In each we should observe a somewhat similar tension of manner, and somewhat similar points of honor. In each, the larger animal keeps a contemptuous good humor; in each the smaller annoys him with wasplike impudence, certain of practical immunity; in each we shall find a double life, producing double characters, and an excursive and noisy heroism combined with a fair amount of practical timidity. I have known dogs and I have known school heroes that, set aside the

fur, could hardly have been told apart; and if we desire to understand the chivalry of old, we must turn to the school play-fields or the dungheap where the dogs are trooping.

Woman, with the dog, has been long enfranchised. Incessant massacre of female innocents has changed the proportions of the sexes and prevented their relations. Thus, when we regard the manners of the dog, we see a romantic and monogamous animal once perhaps as delicate as the cat, at war with impossible conditions. Man has much to answer for, and the part he plays is yet more damnable and parlous than Corin's in the eyes of Touchstone. But this intervention has, at least, created an imperial situation for the rare surviving ladies. In that society they reign without a rival; conscious queens; and in the only instance of a canine wife-beater that has ever fallen under my notice, the criminal was somewhat excused by the circumstances of his story. He is a little, very alert, well bred, intelligent Skye, as black as a hat, with a wet bramble for a nose and two cairngorms for eyes. To the human observer he is decidedly well

looking, but to the ladies of his race he seems abhorrent. A thorough, elaborate gentleman, of the plume and sword-knot order, he was born with a nice sense of gallantry to women. He took at their hands the most outrageous treatment; I have heard him bleating like a sheep, I have seen him streaming blood, and his ear tattered like a regiment banner; and yet he would scorn to make reprisals. Nay more, when a human lady upraised the contumelious whip against the very dame who had been so cruelly misusing him, my little great-heart gave but one hoarse cry and fell upon the tyrant, tooth and nail. This is the tale of a soul's tragedy. After three years of unavailing chivalry, he suddenly, in one hour, threw off the yoke of obligation; had he been Shakespeare he would then have written Troilus and Cressida to brand the offending sex, but being only a little dog he began to bite them. The surprise of the ladies whom he attacked indicated the monstrosity of his offense; but he had fairly beaten off his better angel, fairly committed moral suicide, for almost in the same hour, throwing aside the last rags of decency, he proceeded to attack the aged also. The fact is worth remark, showing, as it does, that ethical laws are common both to dogs and men, and that with both a single deliberate violation of the conscience loosens all. "But while the lamp holds on to burn," says the paraphrase, "the greatest sinner may return." I have been cheered to see symptoms of effectual penitence in my sweet ruffian, and by the handling that he accepted uncomplainingly the other day from an indignant fair one. I begin to hope the period of storm and drang is closed. All these little gentlemen are subtle casuists. The duty to the female dog is plain, but where competing duties rise, down they will sit and study them out, like Jesuit confessors. I knew another little Skye, somewhat plain in manner and appearance, but a creature compact of amiability and solid wisdom. His family going abroad for a winter, he was received for that period by an uncle in the same city. The winter over, his own family home again, and his own house (of which he was very proud) re-opened, he found himself in a dilemma between two conflicting duties of loyalty and gratitude. His old friends were not to be neglected, but it seemed hardly decent to desert



the new. This was how he solved the problem: Every morning, as soon as the door was opened off posted Coolin to his uncle's, visited the children in the nursery, saluted the whole family, and was back at home in time for breakfast and his bit of fish. Nor was this done without a sacrifice on his part, sharply felt; for he had to forego the particular honor and jewel of his day—his morning's walk with my father. And perhaps, from this cause, he gradually wearied of and relaxed the practice, and at length returned entirely to his ancient habits. But the same decision served him in another and more distressing case of divided duty, which happened not long after. He was not at all a kitchen dog, but the cook had nursed him with unusual kindness during the distemper, and though he did not adore her as he adored my father—although (born snob) he was critically conscious of her position as "only a servant"—he still cherished for her a special gratitude. Well, the cook left, and retired some streets away to lodgings of her own; and there was Coolin in precisely the same situation with any young gentleman who has had the inestimable benefit of a faithful nurse. The canine conscience did not solve the problem with a pound of tea at Christmas. No longer content to pay a flying visit, it was the whole forenoon that he dedicated to his solitary friend. And so, day by day, he continued to comfort her solitude until (for some reason which I could never understand and cannot approve) he was locked up to break him of the graceful habit. Here, it is not the similarity, it is the difference, that is worthy of remark; the clearly marked degrees of gratitude and the proportional duration of his visits. Anything farther removed from instinct were hard to fancy, and one is even stirred to a certain impatience with a character so destitute of spontaneity, so passionless in justice, and so priggishly obedient to the voice of reason.

There are not many dogs like this good Coolin, and not many people. But the type is one well marked, both in the hu-

a praiser of the golden mean, a kind of city uncle, modified by Cheeryble. And as he was precise and conscientious in all the steps of his own blameless course, he looked for the same precision and even greater gravity in the bearing of his deity, my father. It was no sinecure to be Coolin's idol; he was exacting like

a rigid parent, and at every sign of levity in the man whom he respected, he announced loudly the death of virtue and the proximate fall of the pillars of the earth. I have called him a snob; but all dogs are so, though in varying degrees. It is hard to follow their snobbery among themselves, for, though I think we can perceive distinctions of rank, we cannot grasp what is the criterion. Thus in Edinburgh, in a good part of the town, there were several distinct societies or clubs that met in the morning to—the phrase is technical—"rake the brackets" in a troop. A friend of mine, a master of three dogs, was one day surprised to observe that they had left one club and joined another; but whether it was a rise or a fall, and the result of an invitation or an expulsion, was more than he could guess. And this illustrates pointedly our ignorance of the real life of dogs, their social ambitions and their social hierarchies. At least, in their dealings with men they are not only conscious of sex, but of the difference of station. And that in the most snobbish manner, for the poor man's dog is not offended by the notice of the rich, and keeps all his ugly feelings for those poorer or more ragged than his master. And again for every station they have an ideal of behavior, to which the master, under pain of derogation, will do wisely to conform. How often has not a cold glance of an eye informed me that my dog was disappointed; and how much more gladly would he not have taken a beating than to be thus wounded in the seat of piety!

I know one disrespectful dog. He was fair like a cat; cared little or nothing for men, with whom he merely co-existed as we do with cattle, and was entirely devoted to the art of poaching. A house could not hold him, and to live in town was what he refused. He led, I believe, a life of troubled but genuine pleasure, and perished beyond all question in a trap. But this was an exception, a marked reversion to the ancestral type, like the hairy,



man and canine family. Gallantry was not his aim, but a solid and somewhat oppressive respectability. He was a sworn foe to the unusual and the conspicuous,

human infant. The true dog of the nineteenth century, to judge of the remainder of my fairly large acquaintance, is in love with respectability. A street dog was once adopted by a lady. While still an Arab, he had done as Arabs do, gamboling in the mud, charging into butchers' stalls, a cat hunter, a sturdy beggar, a common rogue and vagabond; but with his rise into society he laid aside these inconsistent pleasures. He stole no more, he hunted no more cats, and, conscious of his collar, he ignored his old companions. Yet the canine upper class was never brought to recognize the upstart, and from that hour, except for human countenance, he was alone. Friendless, shorn of his sports and the habits of a lifetime, content with his acquired respectability, and with no care but to support it solemnly. Are we to condemn or praise this self-made dog? We praise his human brother. And thus to conquer vicious habits is as rare with dogs as with men. With the more part, for all their scruple-mongering and moral thought, the vices that are born with them remain invincible throughout, and they live all their years glorying in their virtues, but still the slaves of their defects. Thus the sage Coolin was a thief to the last; among a thousand peccadilloes, a whole goose and a whole cold leg of mutton lay upon his conscience, but Woggs, whose soul's shipwreck in the matter of gallantry I have recounted above, has only twice been known to steal, and has often nobly conquered the temptations. The eighth is his favorite commandment. There is something painfully human in

somehow or other, the dog connects together, or confounds, the uneasiness of sickness and the consciousness of guilt. To the pains of the body he often adds the tortures of the conscience, and at these times his haggard protestations form, in

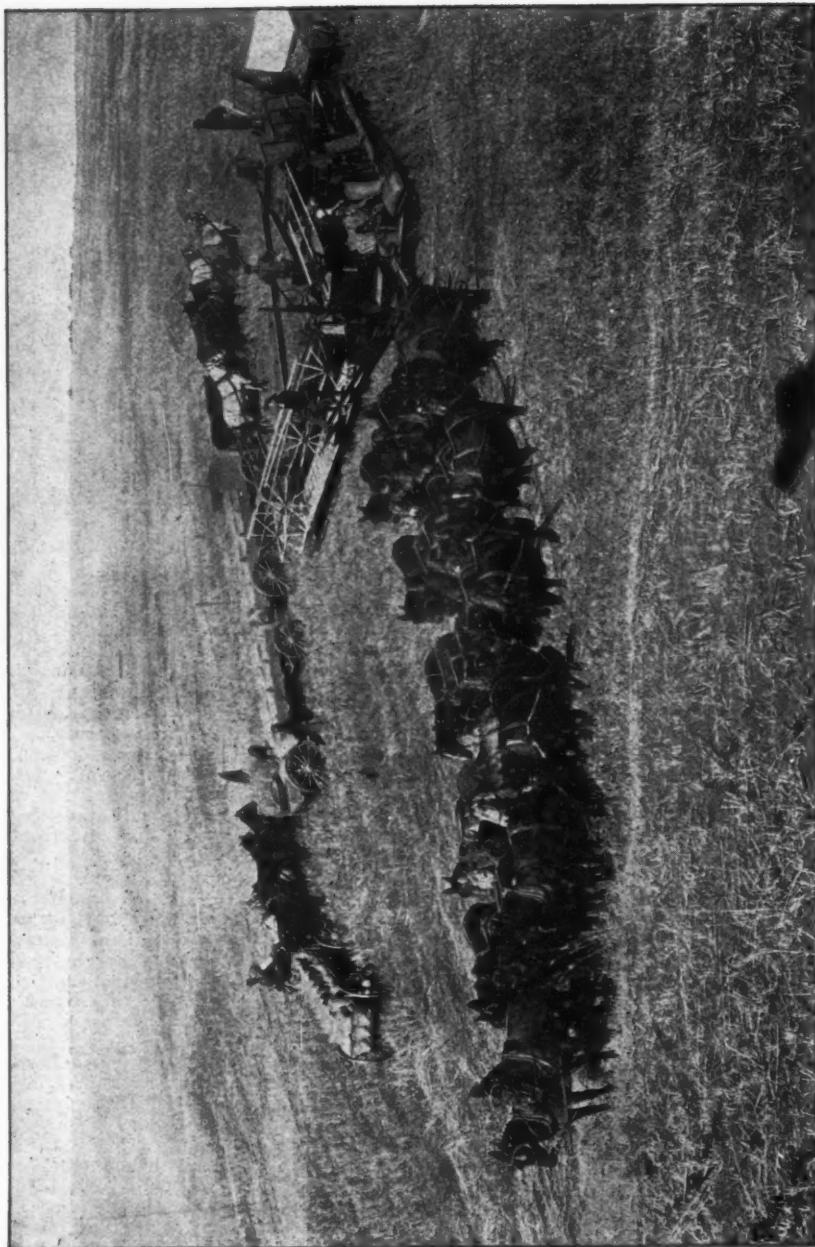


regard to the human deathbed, a dreadful parody or parallel.

I once supposed that I had found a universe relation between the double etiquette which dogs obey, and that those who were most addicted to the showy street life among other dogs were less careful in the practice of home virtues for the tyrant man. But the female dog, that mass of carneying affections, shines equally in either sphere; rules her rough posse of attendant swains with unswerving tact and gusto, and with her master and mistress pushes the arts of insinuation to their crowning point. The attention of man and the regard of other dogs flatter (it would thus appear) the same sensibility, but perhaps if we could read the canine heart, they would be found to flatter it in very different degrees. Dogs live with man as courtiers round a monarch, steeped in the flattery of his notice and enriched with sinecures. To push their favor in this world of pickings and caresses is, perhaps, the business of their lives, and their joys may lie outside. I am in despair at our persistent ignorance. I read in the lives of our companions the same process of reason, the same antique and fatal conflicts of the right against the wrong, and the unbitted nature with too rigid custom; I see them with our weaknesses, vain, false, inconstant against appetite, and with our one stalk of virtue, devoted to the dream of an ideal; and yet, as they hurry by me on the street with tail in air, or come singly to solicit my regard, I must own the secret purport of their lives is still inscrutable to man. Is man the friend, or is he the patron only?



these unequal virtues and mortal frailties of the best. Still more painful is the bearing of those "stammering professors" in the house of sickness and under the terror of death. It is beyond a doubt to me that,



Scene on "California Farm" Near Davenport, Wash.—The Modern Way of Farming.



# THE SUPERNATURAL EXPERIENCES of PATSY CONG

It was a clear, shining day in April; we were on a small blue lake set far away among the sterile brown moors of Connemara; and the long salmon rod lay over the gunwale of the boat, idly trailing behind it forty yards of line and a phantom minnow. Indeed the day was much too fine for proper fishing; one might as well have thrown a fly over the wood pavement in Pall Mall; it was a day rather for laziness, and conversation, and an inquiry into the mysteries of existence, if perchance one or other of my companions had chanced to encounter any of these, in this remote and solitary and silent part of the country. But Patsy did not look like a believer, somehow. He was a small, redheaded Celt, with shrewd, twinkling, grey-blue eyes; and there was frequently a sort of quiet, sardonic humor running through his speech, accompanied now and then by a goodnatured grin that overspread the little pinched, sunburnt face. Moreover, Patsy had seen the world. In former years he had tried his luck in America; had been employed by the Union Pacific railway as far west as Council Bluffs; had had a turn at the Pittsburg Iron Works; and was now returned to his native district with a wide and general knowledge of mankind. On the other hand, his neighbour at the bow—Tim Mulcahy by name—was nothing but a ghost and an echo. He was a small farmer who came down from his croft in the hills to eke out his living in this way—a characterless, white-faced, depressed-looking, amiable creature, who stared at his boots, lazily pulled at his oar, and limited his conversation to saying ditto to Patsy. "That's so, Patsy." "You're right, Patsy." "Not wan less than fourteen salmon did he catch that day." "Your father was a good man, Patsy, he

wouldn't tell a lie for hardly anything." "That's true for you, Patsy; the like of them for minnows I never saw."

Now at the head of this small lake that we were slowly and idly rowing round and round stood a long, low cottage situated in the middle of a patch of trees—lilac-tinted leafless birches and sparkling dark green hollies. In summer no doubt this must be a very charming place; even now the situation was picturesque enough—the still waters of the lake in front; the trees along the curving shore, and then rising far behind into the pale blue sky the vast and lonely and arid mountains known as the Twelve Pine of Binabola. This prettily situated cottage, however, was unmistakably empty. The windows were barred up; there was a look of desolation around; not a sound of any kind came from that scattered grove of birch and holly.

"The very place to be haunted by a leprechaun, isn't it, Patsy?"

"It is Barney Joyce your honor manes?" says the instantly loquacious Patsy; "the man that comes to look after the house? Well, now, your honor wouldn't believe what a great soldier that Barney is—oh, he is a mighty fine soldier—by the fire. Sure the battles he'll fight; and the campaigns, and the stratagems; and the generals, and the marchings, and the counter-marchings! I never heard his equal; and the divil a foot has he ever stirred out of Connemara!"

"But when the house is empty, Patsy, isn't there a ghost or a goblin somewhere about?"

"Well, indeed, the fairies used to come there," says Patsy, with indifference. "They used to say that. But thim old stories are all nonsinse."

"They're all nonsinse, Patsy, thim old stories," says Echo at the bow.

"Did you ever happen to hear what they call the King of the fairies?" I asked—curious to know whether the Don Fierna of the Blackwater and the South reigned also in these western wilds.

But Patsy was puzzled. Then he turned to Tim Mulcahy, and there was a long consultation in Irish, in the course of which a phrase sounding like Piobars-shee was twice repeated.

"Had they a fairy piper, then, Patsy?"

"Begob," says Patsy, eagerly. "that was

him." The Fairy Piper was the King of thim; and many a one has heard him playin in that very house there. I mane that 'was the old story, sorr, but sure its all nonsinse."

And now ensued a long and rambling general conversation, which need not be set down here, on the subject of fairies, phantoms, leprechauns, and similar kittlecattle; throughout which Patsy was evidently anxious to show that he had discarded all such superstitions. Was it for one who lived in an age of reason—who had worked on the Union Pacific—to heed such folly? Nevertheless, Patsy was frankly disposed to admit that strange things might have happened—probably did happen—in former times.

"There was a power of witchery in this country in the ould days," said Patsy, gravely shaking his head; "Yis, sorr, there was a power of witchery in this country in the ould days; but 'tis all gone away. Sure the people are turned more cunning now."

And then he added, more gloomily—

"But maybe there's more going on than we know."

By this time it had become pretty obvious that Patsy's eagerness to disclaim all belief in ghosts and witchery and the like was assumed—partly, no doubt, in prudent deference to the general opinion of a scientific and sceptical age, but partly, perhaps, because a man who had been to Pittsburg felt bound to pose before a poor creature like Tim Mulcahy, who had never left his native mountains. And so, to find out whether Patsy might not have some reciprocal confidences to volunteer, I told him my own ghost story, which isn't much of a ghost story after all. That a lad of thirteen or fourteen should look in at the open door of a dining room, and behold there a woman seated before the fire; that he should carefully regard her shawl and hat, and gown, wondering who she could be; that he should forthwith go and ask other people in the house, and bring them to the door of the room, only to discover that the chair was vacant, and that by no possibility could any stranger have been there and left; and then find that this portent was followed by no calamity whatever—neither a funeral, nor a wedding, nor anything—this, it must be confessed, was a poor and weak ghost story, which I should be ashamed to say a word about to the Psychical Society. But it deeply interested Patsy, and he was eager to know whether it was a real ghost; and when I answered that it was only an optical illusion, he remained silent for a time, and then repeated his wise aphorism—

"Maybe there's more going on than we know."

Again Patsy was silent for a time, and then, rather with the air of a man who is compelled to confess something against his will, he said—

"Well, sorr, now that we're on it, I will tell you what happened to me; but I don't like speaking of it—the less that's said the better—but I will tell you what happened to me, sorr; and its many the year since I tould any one the story. I was nineteen at the time. My mother and me, we had gone to the fair at Letternahinach to sell two sheep; and there we were all day, and the divil a bit could we sell the sheep. 'No - matter, Patsy,' said my mother to me, at the ind of the day, 'you'll buy yourself the pair of new boots all the same, for who knows when we'll next be in at Letternahinach from the farm?' And so I bought a pair of boots; and mighty proud I was of them, sorr, you may be sure; and I kept them on during the evening, until it was time for us to set out to walk back to the farm, for the divil an offer could we get for the sheep. Well, now, sorr, about three miles from Letternachinach, or maybe 'tis three miles and a half, there's a wood—and a dark wood it was that night, though it was a moonlight night, and the road as white as silver; and says I, mother, the new boots are hurting my feet; wait a minute now and I'll take them off. But she went on with the sheep; and I was sitting down at the edge of the wood taking off the boots, when there was a noise, and something rushed at me from the wood, and hit me a slap, and went by. Sure I hope your honor'll never see anything like that terrible beast. 'Twas in the road now and I was up, with the boots in one hand, and a little bit of stick in the other; and I kept threatening it when it came near to attack me. I called out to my mother, but she was frightened too; she wouldn't look back. 'Come on, Patsy, come on!' she cried to me, and I dursn't run for fear of the baste."

"But what was it like, Patsy?"

"Well, sor, I will make you sinsible of it; though I was all of a thrimble, for it followed me along the road, and sometimes 'twas in the ditch, and when I couldn't see it I heard it, and my mother heard it, and she was as terrified as I was. Twas about four or five feet long—yis sorr, maybe five feet it was—and red, and when it put up its head, 'twas like to strike at me like a snake, but I had a bit of stick in my hand, and I kept that turned to it. Maybe it had legs, but I could see none and the body—well now, the body was about the thickness of a thin dog, long and thin it was—and the noise it made was terrible, terrible. Well, now sorr, maybe it was a fancy, I understand that. Maybe it was something in my own head—like a fever. But manny and manny is the time I have thought over it; and what bothers me entirely is that my mother should have heard it when it was growling at me in the ditch."

Even now the recollection of this strange thing seemed to overshadow Patsy

with fear and trembling. His eyes were distraught; and he spoke like one speaking to himself, and describing something that he actually saw before him.

"Twas the size of it, your honor, that frightened me, sure it couldn't reach at me higher than the knees, when it put up its head as if it would strike me; but there was something terrible about it that made me thrimble from me head to me foot. And when I put down my stick it would keep back, running along by the side of me, but always wid its head turned to me, and threatening, and sure I was afraid to strike it, if I had had the power, but I was weak with thrimbling, and my mother she wouldn't look back—'twas a God's truth, your honor, I nivir was in such a fright as that night. And thin, when I left the road for a while, I knew it was there still all the time, by hearing of its growling at me; and at such times, when it was in the ditch, I would have hurried on faster, and got up to my mother, but my legs were wake with fright, and sure I was afraid it would come up behind me if I was to run. There now, sorr, there may be an explanation—I will not say no to that; maybe 'twas a kind of fever in my head; but sure that couldn't have made my mother hear the beast whin it was growling at me in the ditch, and made her hurry on too, for she was too frightened to look back?"

"But you haven't finished the story, Patsy: what became of the beast?"

"Well, 'twas a terrible night, your honor, 'and that's a fact. I thought we would never get to the farm, though my mother kept ahead of me with the sheep, and I was afraid to overtake her, for fear of giving the beast a chance at me. Sure I think it must have been between one and two in the morning when we got up to the farm; and the baste kept following me—sometimes in sight, and sometimes in the ditch—all the way, until we were nearly at the door; and then it turned and went away down the hill again, and I saw it as far as the lake, but there I lost sight of it. Devil the wink of sleep did I get that night, you may be sure, sorr; and the next day my mother cautioned me not to speake of it to anny one, for fear of bad luck. Now, sorr, I will tell you something more about the same baste—".

But just at this moment, as it happened, the supernatural world got sudden notice to quit. There was a sharp, shrill shriek of the reel; instantly the rod was seized and raised; and then, forty yards away behind the boat, a creature—that seemed to the excited imagination about as long as the beast that Patsy had seen on the Letternahinach road—sprung into the air and fell back again with a mighty splash. Visionally monsters had to give way to this very actual animal that was now car-rying on a series of unseen cantrips in the still waters of the lake. Patsy regarded

the standup fight with comparative indifference, his ministrations were not needed yet, and apparently he had no doubt of the result. Nor, indeed, with any ordinary care, ought there to have been any doubt of the result; for the fish was hooked with a phantom minnow, the tackle was tested, and the rod was a brand new one, powerful enough to have hauled out a horse. But whoever thinks that fighting a salmon in such circumstances is too certain a thing, can have all the excitement he wants by importing into it two further conditions.

First; let him have for his second boatman a person who, to use the American phrase, comprises within himself nine different sorts of a born fool; and then let him have for his chief boatman a superhumanly smart fellow (who has been to Pittsburg, and all the rest of it) and who is far too clever to gaff the salmon in the ordinary way, but must needs make a plunging shot at the gill. When the twenty minutes or five and twenty minutes are over, and when the fish is being towed gradually nearer and nearer to the boat, then the angler will have quite enough of excitement—there will be no lack whatsoever of excitement. For, of course, when the fish happened to sheer along the side of the boat the nine-ply fool at the bow has his oar resting on the water; and when he is yelled to lift his oar, of course, he tries to draw it in; and of course the handle catches in the opposite gunwale; and of course the blade goes rasping across the now tightened line; while the language that suddenly fills the air becomes emphatic and figurative. Then the smart gentleman, to save the fish from the slight scar left by the ordinary method of gaffing, must perforce try for the gill; he misses it, and strikes the line; the fish plunges, and there is a pause of breathless despair. However, the upshot of this occasion, as it turns out, is more lucky than we have a right to expect, for after these twin stupidities, the frayed casting line still holds; the olive-green back of the salmon by and by comes nearer the surface of the water, slowly and ineffectually heading this way and that; and then there is a quick dive of the sharp steel gaff, and the next second there is in the bottom of the boat a splendid large gleaming creature—no longer showing anything of olive-green, but all a flashing and glowing bronze-blue and silver. Of course at such a moment there can be nothing but reconciliation and forgiveness.

"Well, sorr," says Patsy from the deeps of his penitence, "when I missed him I felt sick."

And now the redintefratio amoris and the capture of the fish alike call for a modest libation and presently, with a repetition of the accustomed toasts, "Good sport to your honor!" "A tight line to your honor!" we are again on our way around the lake, leisurely paying out the

long line, and quite ready to hear further about the red beast of Letternahinch.

"Yes, sorr," says Patsy, "and this is the strangest part of it. Sure if no one but myself had seen the baste, one would say it was a drame, or what a man sees in a fever. But it wasn't the drink, anny way. When I was a young fellow the devil a drop would I touch; I wouldn't have drunk a glass of whisky if my throat had been as dry as a limeburner's wig. But now I'll tell your honior what happened after that. 'Twas six months after—six or seven months after. My mother and me we had not been speaking about what had happened on the Letternahinch road, for the fright was on me for manny and manny a day; and my mother would never spake of it either, for fear of bad luck. Well, sorr, one evening I was going into the house—'twas about supper time—and I was thinking of nawthin, but that; and the door inside was a bit open. Well, sorr, there was a woman standing talking to my mother—well, I knew the woman, she lived at Maskene—that was about eight miles further on the road—and my mother was asking her to sit down and rest herself, for 'twas a long way to go, and she had not passed our way for manny and manny a day. 'Thank ye kindly, Mrs. Cong,' says she, 'but 'tis a lonely road to Maskene, and I am frightened to be out after dark since what happened to me at Letternahinch.' Begob, sorr, you may suppose I listened thin; and her back was to me so that she couldn't see me, and my mother couldn't see me naythir because of the door. Well, sorr, what she said was that two years before she had been in at the market at Letternahinch, and she had a power o' things to carry; and she waited for the night mailcar, that would put her down within a mile or so of Maskene. She was on the back seat of the car, and there was no one else but the driver; and 'twas a fine clear night. Well, sorr, she declared that whin they were passing a wood about three miles from Ballynahinch, a terrible baste sprung out of the wood, and sprung right into the car, and stopped there beside her, and the devil a word or a cry could she give out, for the fright was on her. How long the baste stopped in the car she did not say; nor was she saying anything of what it was like; and my mother seemed too frightened to ask her any questions. But that was the reason she made to my mother for going on in the daylight; and not a minute longer would she stop in the house. Now, sorr, what can anny one make of that? That was a year and a half before what happened to me, at that very part of the road."

"You hadn't heard the woman's story before, Patsy, and forgotten it? It wasn't the coming to the wood on the Letternahinch road that suddenly brought it back to your mind and frightened you?"

"Aw, the devil a bit, sorr! Sure I asked my mother about it, and 'twas thin for the first time she heard of it too, though 'twas mighty little you'd get her to spake about it. Well, sorr, that is all I know av it, and 'tis there I'll leave it; but depend on it, sorr, there's more going on than we know."

„This, Patsy's favorite maxim, seemed to both his companions so incontrovertible that they acquiesced in silence. As for Patsy himself, he seemed rather glad to get away from those memories. A kind of gloom had hung over while he was recalling the various particulars; perhaps he shared his mother's fear that no good would come of speaking of such matters. At all events as soon as he began to talk of legends and stories and superstitions in which he was not personally concerned, he quite recovered his ordinary cheerfulness of tone; indeed when he came to treat of the waterhorse that used to haunt these lakes he spoke in quite a jaunty and matter of fact way, as if their existence "in the ould days" admitted of no manner of doubt whatever. Of course I was not surprised to find the waterhorse myth as common here as it is in my own country, where every other loch has its circumstantial legend. But the curious thing about the waterhorse at Connemara is that they are reported to have interbred freely with the farm horses around, and that the offspring were put to work on the farm as an ordinary affair. But they were lazy animals, these halfbreeds, and not to be depended on whenever they came near a lake, for then, unless the farmer was on the watch, they would most likely make a bolt for the water, irrespective of what was behind them. In fact, there was a young animal of this uncanny blood employed on a farm belonging to Patsy's uncle; and one day it did make such a bolt, and was only prevented from plunging itself and the car, and the driver, into the lake by the traces fortunately hitching (how, was not explained) on a rock.

I wonder if it was the same uncle who was the hero of Patsy Cong's next story. By this time, it may be unnecessary to say, I had come to regard my friend Patsy as a rank imposter. His Transatlantic experiences may have given him a thin veneer of scepticism, which he thought it fine to parade before the simple dwellers among the hills; but underneath that and deep down in his nature there obviously remained the ineradicable Celtic belief in a mysterious and magical world, just hidden and no more than hidden, by the visible phenomena around. Patsy was clearly thrown away in Connemara. If only he had belonged to the wealthier classes, if he had been brought up in a library, and got his brains bemuddled with neo-Platonism and port wine, there is no saying to what eminence he might not have risen as a writer of sentimental history of the

constructor of a new ethical system. Here the gates were ajar to no purpose. Here he was tied down to the telling of old wives' tales about waterhorses and the like.

"There's more going on than we know," says Patsy, surveying the still blue waters of the lake in an absent kind of way. "I'm sure of that, sorr. It's a positive fact. Maybe I wouldn't belave all the stories that are tould, but there's something—there's something. There was my uncle, now, that he lived at Kincree; and he used to be going down to the sayshore, coortin' the young woman that he was to marry. Well, one evening as he was coming back, he stopped to talk to some min that were blasting rocks near the roadside; and I don't know how it was, but there was a quarrel and a fight, and one of the min he takes up the blasting rod and hits my uncle with it over the head, and there he was, a dead man. Well, sorr, it was about a year after that my uncle was killed that a woman living close by in the neighborhood went out from her cabin with a milking pail in her hand and went up the hill-side to milk the cows. They saw her go up—more than one saw her go away—and she was quite alone by herself. Well, sorr, she didn't come down again, and they got frightened, and they went in search of her, and the devil a sight of her could they find anywhere. Well, now, your honor, this is the story av it; sure I'm only saying what I was told about it, and what everyone about there believes until this day. 'Twas on the evening of the third day after that that she came down again—looking very quare she was—and she said she had met the man that was murdered the year before—sure, that was my uncle—and he had taken her away with him over the hills, she could not tell where. I don't know what to make av it; but 'twas a strange story annyhow."

"Patsy," remarks one of his listeners, "was there a botham dubh in those hills?"

"What's that, sorr?"

"What they call in Scotland a black bothy—an illicit still. Weren't they brewing a bottle of potheen up the hills, and glad to get the woman to help them for a day or two?"

"I don't know about that, sorr," said Patsy. "But anny how, she was never the same woman after it—no, sorr—there was always something weighing on her mind, and she never got the better of it. I suppose she's dead now."

Here Patsy paused and had a look around the sky, for there had been some faint indications that we might after all get a breath of wind; and then, still working away at the easy oar, he continued:

"No, sorr, I say nawth'in' about them stories but that they were tould to me. What happened to myself on the Letternahinach road, that was different—begob,

I'm not likely to forget that. But, there was something that happened to my father that was strange too, and I know he wouldn't tell a lie about it."

"Your father was a good man, Patsy, he wouldn't tell a lie about hardly annything," says the meek chorus.

"'Twas whin I was a boy, but well I remember it," says Patsy. "He was at work on the farm, and my sister had to carry him his dinner, and they sat down on the side of a little hill where it was too rough and rocky for digging—the devil a thing could a spade do wid it. Well, sorr, there was a woman coming along the road that knew my father, and she sat down wid them for a minute or two, to put the basket off her shoulders, and there they were sitting whin they heard people speaking below them inside the hill. Oh, as clear as anything they heard the voices below the ground, so the woman tould me, for I met her as I was going to the field not five minutes after. And says she, 'Patsy, ask your father was he hearing annything when your sister and him and me were sitting on the hill?' Well, sorr, I went along, and there was my father at his work again; and I went down to him, and asked him about what the woman tould me. 'Yes, Patsy, true it is,' says he, 'but it is not a thing to be spaking about;' and he wouldn't answer no more questions. No, sorr, not thin nor at any other time; he would be getting angry wid us when we were afther asking him anny questions about it. Sure, sorr, there must be somethin' in it. The woman might be making up a story to frighten us childer, but my father wouldn't tell a lie about it. There's something going on, sorr, and that's the truth. It's a positive fact."

But now there is something far more stirring ahead than clattering dry bones of discussion or weaving impalpable webs of theory; for the little varying puffs of wind have been gradually increasing to a good, steady, honest breeze; quickly it is resolved (seeing that Patsy's experiences of the supernatural have carried us on till near lunch time, and the process of landing, collecting sticks, lighting a fire, and cooking our pot of Irish stew is a tedious one) to have a final try with the fly before the picnic begins; so the long line is rapidly got in; the minnow detached; there is a word or so about the rival claims of a "Harlequin," a "Grey Monkey," and the shining "Flower of Kelso;" ultimately these are all discarded in favor of the old, familiar, and ubiquitous "Jock Scott;" and presently we are making our way across the now ruffled bosom of the lake to try our luck in the plashing and whirling waters of the Butt of Derryclare.



The Miller of Elsinore—"Rosy Cheeked is Milicent."

## THE MILLER OF ELSINORE

**D**O you know the thrifty miller in the vale of Elsinore?  
At sunset you will often see him standing in the door  
Of the quaint old mill that ran its grists a century ago,  
And how much longer no one in that country seems to know.

He is fat, and hale, and hearty, with a smile that's sure to win,  
Every caller; and he has a kind of dimpled double chin.  
Every farmer learns to like him, as a true and gentle soul,  
Pledged to honor and good-nature—one who takes an honest toll.

Nothing ruffles his complaisance. From his simple country trade  
He can meet his utmost wishes. His small fortune he has made.  
Though he reads of mighty millers who make tons of flour per day,  
He can plod along contented in his good, old-fashioned way.

What to him are modern rollers and extinguishers of dust?  
In his queer and ancient outfit he has learned that he can trust.  
In the fields and by his stream a thousand country charms abound,  
And 'tis music in his ears to hear his millstones' droning sound.

With his wife and lovely daughter, the sweet solace of his life,  
He can spurn a better fortune, and be quit of care and strife;  
But comely youths who go a-fishing in the meadows near his mill,  
As they glance upon his daughter, feel a strange, bewildering thrill.

Azure-eyed and golden-tressed, and rosy-cheeked is Millicent,  
And she gives aspiring gallants no end of discontent;  
You see them daily sauntering around the mill and well,  
And their thirst, or love of milling, is most wonderful to tell.

But the dusty-coated miller has a shrewd, if tranquil eye,  
Which can notice, or not notice, what is going on near by,  
Rumor says a wealthy wooer, often fishing down the stream,  
Is the one who soon will capture the fruition of Love's dream.

Still, the miller, sunny-hearted, meets his patrons at the door,  
And they talk the news together, and of times they knew before;  
While golden clouds are now ascending from the sunset's fiery west,  
And a halo of enchantment crowns the lips that Love has pressed.

Joel Benton



Lieut.-General Nelson A. Miles, who Retired From Command of the U. S. Army August 1st.

## THE ENLISTED MAN'S CLUB

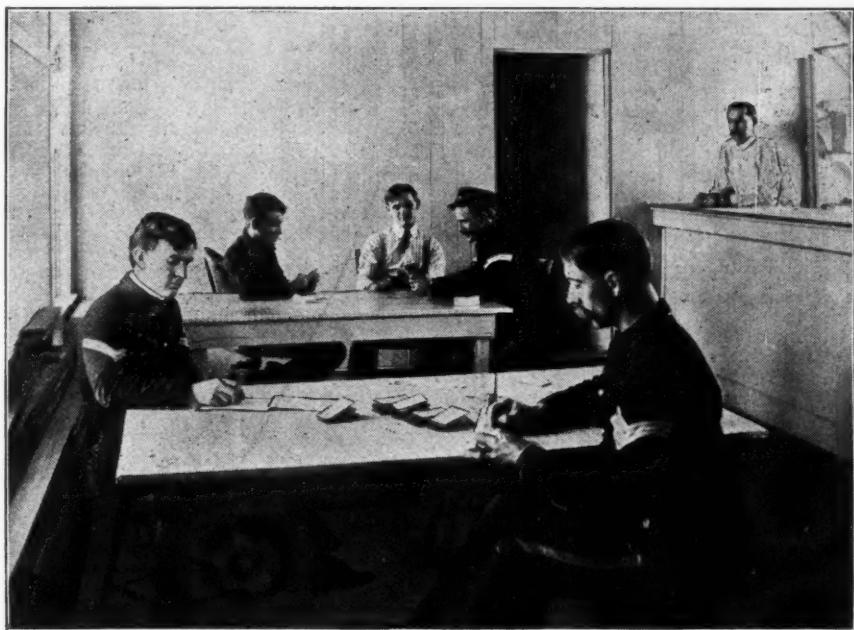
The "Post Exchange" of the U. S. Army

By ROBERTSON HOWARD, Jr.

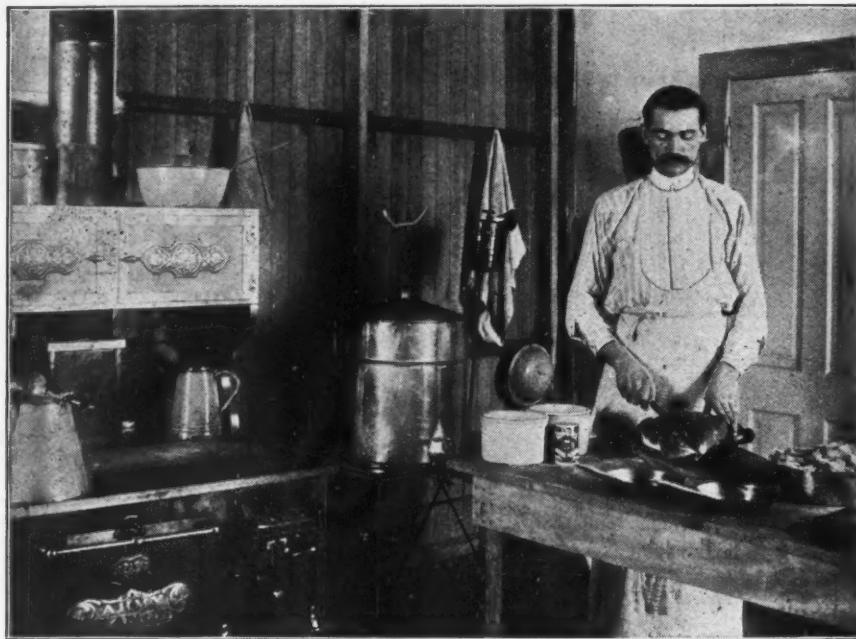
One of the most interesting places about an army post is what was formerly known as the "canteen," and is now known as the "post exchange." A better name for this institution would be the "enlisted man's club." It was of greater value in the old days when beer was sold to the men across the counter, where the strongest drink one can now get is pop or ginger ale. And this matter of taking his beer away from him is the one thing more than any other that shows how little the soldier is understood and regarded by his fellow Americans. In the face of the protests of his officers and himself the one thing that kept him out of trouble and out of the hands of saloon keepers, was irredeemably removed from the military life of an army post.

For a long time after this happened both officers and men lost all interest in the club for the enlisted men. As result the enlisted man had no place on the post to which he could go to spend a few hours with his friends or play a friendly

game of cards or billiards. But just off the post always stood one or more saloons where the soldier was always welcome. The American soldier is not a depraved creature. When you know him you like him as a man, and this is the highest praise that can be said of any one. And yet the saloons that await him just off his post are on a par with the lowest dens that can be found in New York or Paris or London. Every vice known and many unknown can be found here. No man brings more cleverness to the running of his business than does the saloonkeeper. If a man enters his establishment to buy a glass of beer he has come into friendly intercourse with this saloonkeeper, and before he leaves he is pretty sure to be shown the ins and outs of the place. He is informed just how to obtain certain drinks, where he can play certain games, and other mysteries of the establishment are made plain to him. The result is that every vice that in the city we are careful to keep out of sight



The Salesroom at the Fort Snelling "Post Exchange"



The Kitchen of an Army "Post Exchange"

in odd corners under police surveillance is here placed upon each side of the only road the soldier has to travel to and from the city. For ourselves we have made municipal reforms and laws that place all "moral lepers," where all contagious things are kept—where they may be looked after by persons who understand the work, and where they will not be able to contaminate any one who wishes to lead a clean life. But we have taken the soldier's canteen away from him, and then have told him that if he wishes a glass of beer we do not object to his drinking it, but that to get it he must go into one of these, morally, most contagious places that have been set up so conspicuously and on such a grand scale to take the place of his canteen, and which stands just off the post.

The result of all this was that the soldier took to hard drink and was looked upon as a drunkard. Not only this but the discipline of the regiments commenced to suffer directly from this cause. Men got so they didn't care what happened. If a man got too much of the drink into him and missed "check roll-call" he stayed away three or four days before reporting, as he knew he must suffer anyhow.

As things were going from bad to worse the officers got together and found a plan by which the enlisted man's club could be restored to him. And we now

find at every army post what is called "Post exchange."

At nearly every military post there is a building devoted exclusively to the post exchange. At all posts these buildings are not alike by any means. It has cost as much to build some of them as \$30,000, and \$50,000 and they are fitted up until they are the equal of a city club. But not long ago I visited one of the largest military posts in the West and found that the post exchange was only a little one story wooden building that had been newly painted and put in most excellent repair. I will describe for you a visit to this post exchange

You enter through a narrow door and find yourself in what is known as the amusement room. Here is a big stove with several buckets of coal arranged neatly beside it. I had, perhaps, better add that at the time of my visit it was fifteen degrees below zero, with a bitter north wind sweeping across the hills. So that, of course, the most important things that day were the stove and the buckets of coal. Besides these the room contained two handsome billiard tables and racks of red and white balls. On this day there were a few people who would have stayed even had the tables not been there while I know of no one who would not have gone out, too, if the stove had left. But just at this moment no one was playing

billiards, as it was lunch time, and the paymaster had been down at the headquarters building all the morning paying the men off. The lunch and sales room is by far the largest in the building and is fifty feet long by twenty wide. Along one side of it extends a long narrow counter, over which lunch, pie, cake, cigars, tobacco, coffee, milk and many other things are sold. On the other side of the room are four tables that are used on which to serve lunch part of the time, and as card tables the rest of the time. In the middle of the floor is another big stove. Right off from the sales room is the kitchen. This kitchen is furnished with a small size army cook range, which is a good deal larger than the largest cook range to be found in any of our private houses, and also a large gasoline stove that is used to prepare what the cook calls short orders. When I asked him to explain to me what a "short order" was he informed me that I had just given him one. As my "short order" consisted of two eggs and about half a loaf of bread and nearly a pound of ham and two cups of coffee one can get an idea of what a long order would be. There is nothing small about the appetite of the American soldier. The cook showed me how he cooked the different things and I must say that I have never been in a cleaner kitchen anywhere. On a long white table where great pans full of uncooked beefsteak, porkchops, eggs,

oysters and sliced ham. Also cans of milk and huge pots of boiling coffee, cakes, pies and bakery of all kinds. To run this kitchen and counter it requires Sergeant Weller, who is in charge, and Corporal Gabor, the cook, and three men. And while I was there they didn't have any time to stand around and talk to customers. "Of course," said Sergeant Weller, "as it is pay day at the post there will be lots of men in here to buy all kinds of stuff."

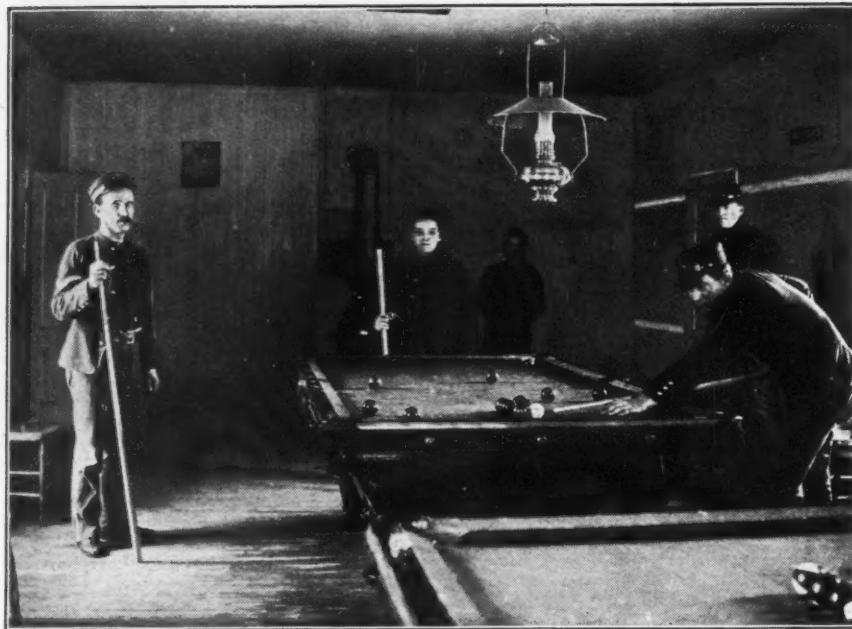
I ran my eye down the shelves behind the counter to see just what kind of "stuff" was for sale. I saw during this quick inspection pies, pipes, cakes of all kinds and colors, tobacco in all styles and brands, ink, pens, writing paper, cigars, candy—loads of it—soap, and, etc., etc.

The sergeant showed me how the sale check is made out. When anybody buys anything one of these cash coupons is made out. This coupon is dated and numbered and contains the name of the purchaser and the company to which he belongs. In this way it is quite easy to tell at the end of the month which company has been the largest purchaser, and it is this company that receives the most money when the profits of the exchange are divided.

If you could have stepped into this room with me that cold morning you would have seen men in blue overcoats and coon skin caps standing up to the counter eating great pieces of pie and



Where the Soldier Spends His Spare Change



Idle Moments—the Billiard Room of the "Post Exchange"

pink or brown cake and drinking tall glasses of milk or pop. And perhaps you have never seen men playing billiards with their coon skin caps sticking on the side of their heads. While I was standing beside the counter two good looking men came in with the flaps of their caps pulled down so close as to almost conceal the entire face. One of them who had black eyes as hard as an eagle's asked for three blocks of writing paper, and when they were handed to him Sergeant Weller asked him what on earth he was going to do with so much paper.

"Oh, we're going to start a correspondence bureau," he said.

And without a smile he walked away. Another man wanted a pack of tobacco, while still another soldier wanted a pound of chewing tobacco. As quick as he moved away someone else stepped into his place and asked for a pack of playing cards. And so it was all down the count-

er. As the sergeant remarked this was pay day.

Out in the billiard room a dozen men with coon skin hats on the back of their heads and pipes or cigars held between their teeth, were clicking the red and white balls over the two tables, while in the lunch room two of the lunch tables had been cleared and men were sitting around them over a game of cards.

Around the card tables you could have heard some good stories about events that happened in the far away Philippines that would have reminded you much of some of Kipling's stories. Outside it was bitterly cold and the landscape white with snow, and the wind from the ice bound river was beating against the little wooden building. But inside the stoves were red hot, and the talk pleasant, and everything cheerful.

The enlisted man, at least on this day, was enjoying his club.





"Clare," I said, "I wish that we had brought some better clothes, if it were only one frock. You look the oddest figure."

And she did. She was lying head to head with me on the thick moss that clothed one part of the river bank above Breistolen near the Sogn Fiord. We were staying at Breistolen, but there was no moss thereabouts, nor in all the Sogn district—I often thought—so deep and soft, and so dazzling orange and white and crimson as that particular patch. It lay quite high upon the hills, and there were great boulders peeping through the moss here and there, very fit to break your legs if you were careless. Little more than a mile higher up was the watershed, where our river, putting away with reluctance a first thought of going down the farther slope towards Bysberg, parted from its twin brother who was thither bound with scores upon scores of puny, green-backed fishlets, and instead, come down our side gliding and swishing faster and faster, and deeper and wider every hundred yards to Breistolen, full of red-speckled, yellow trout all half a pound apiece, and very good to eat.

But they were not so sweet or toothsome to our girlish tastes as the ~~awny~~—orange cloud—berries which Clare and I were eating as we lay. So busy was she with the luscious pile we had gathered that I had to wait for an answer. And then, "Speak for yourself," she said. "I'm sure you look like a short coated baby. He is somewhere up the river, too." Munch, munch, munch!

"Who is, you impudent, greedy little chit?"

"Oh, you know," she answered. "Don't you wish you had your gray plush here, Bab?"

I flung a look of calm disdain at her, but whether it was the berry juice which stained our faces that took from its effect, or the free mountain air which papa says saps the foundations of despotism, that made her callous, at any rate she only laughed scornfully and got up and went off down the stream with her rod,

leaving me to finish the cloudberry, and stare lazily up at the snow patches on the hillside—which somehow put me in mind of the gray plush—and follow or not as I liked.

Clare has a wicked story of how I gave in to papa, and came to start without anything but those rough clothes. She says he said—and Jack Buchanan has told me that lawyers put no faith in anything that he says she says, or she says he says, which proves how much truth there is in this—that if Bab took none but her oldest clothes, and fished all day and had no one to run upon her errands—he meant Jack and the others, I suppose—she might possibly grow an inch in Norway. Just as if I wanted to grow an inch! An inch indeed! I am five feet and a half high, and papa, who puts me an inch shorter, is the worst measurer in the world. As for Miss Clare, she would give all her inches for my eyes. So there!

After Clare left it began to be dull and chilly. When I had pictured to myself how nice it would be to dress for dinner again, and chosen the frock I would wear upon the first evening, I grew tired of the snow patches and started up stream, stumbling and falling into holes, and clambering over rocks, and only careful to save my rod and my face. It was no occasion for the gray plush, but I had made up my mind to reach a pool which lay, I knew, a little above me, having filched a yellow-bodied fly from Clare's hat with a view to that particular place.

Our river did the oddest things hereabouts—pleased to be so young, I suppose. It was not a great churning stream of snow water, foaming and milky, such as we had seen in some parts, streams that effected to be always in flood, and had the look of forcing the rocks asunder and clearing their path even while you watched them with your fingers in your ears. Our river was none of these; still it was swifter than English rivers are wont to be, and in parts deeper, and transparent as glass. In one place it would sweep over a ledge and fall wreathed in spray into a spreading lake of black, rock bound water. Then

it would narrow again until, where you could almost jump across, it darted smooth and unbroken down a polished shoot with a swoop like a swallow's. Out of this it would hurry afresh to brawl along a gravelly bed, skipping jauntily over first one and then another ridge of stones that had silted up weirwise and made as if they would bar the channel. Under the lee of these there were lovely pools.

To be able to throw into mine, I had to walk out along the ridge on which the water was shallow, yet sufficiently deep to cover my boots. But I was well rewarded. The "forellin"—the Norse name for trout, and as pretty as their girls' wavy fair hair—were rising so merrily that I hooked and landed one in five minutes, the fly falling from its mouth as it touched the stones. I hate taking out hooks. I used at one time to leave the fly in the fish's mouth to be removed by papa at the weighing house, until Clare pricked her tongue at dinner with an almost new, red tackle, and was so mean as to keep it, though I remember then what I had done with it, and was certain it was mine—which was nothing less than dishonest of her.

I had just got back to my place and made a fine cast, when there came—not the leap, and splash, and tug which announced the half-pounder—but a deep, rich gurgle as the fly was gently sucked under, and then a quiet, growing strain upon the line which began to move away down the pool in a way that made the winch spin again and filled me with mysterious pleasure. I was not conscious of striking or of anything but that I had hooked a really good fish, and I clutched the rod with both hands and set my feet as tightly as I could upon the slippery gravel. The line moved up and down, and this way and that, now steadily and as with a purpose, and then again with an eccentric rush that made the top of the rod spring and bend so that I looked for it to snap each moment. My hands began to grow numb, and the landing net, hitherto an ornament, fell out of my waist belt and went I knew not whither. I suppose I must have stepped unwittingly into deeper water, for I felt that my skirts were afloat, and altogether things were going dreadfully against me, when the presence of an ally close at hand was announced by a cheery shout from the far side of the river.

"Keep up your point! Keep up your point!" someone cried briskly. "That is better!"

The unexpected sound—it was a man's voice—did something to keep my heart up. But for answer I could only shriek, "I can't! It will break!" watching the top of my rod as it jigged up and down, very much in the fashion of Clare performing

what she called a waltz. She dances as badly as a man.

"No, it will not," he cried back, bluntly. "Keep it up and let out a little line with your fingers when he pulls hardest."

We were forced to shout and scream. The wind had risen and was adding to the noise of the water. Soon I heard him wading behind me. "Where's your landing net?" he asked, with the most provoking coolness.

"Oh, in the pool! Somewhere about. I am sure I don't know," I answered, wildly.

What he said to this I could not catch, but it sounded rude. And then he waded off to fetch, as I guessed, his own net. By the time he reached me again I was in a sad plight, feet like ice, and hands benumbed, while the wind, and rain, and hail, which had come down upon us with a sudden violence, unknown, it is to be hoped, anywhere else, were mottling my face all sorts of unbecoming colors. But the line was taut. And wet and cold went for nothing five minutes later, when the fish lay upon the bank, its prismatic sides slowly turning pale and dull, and I knelt over it, half in pity and half in triumph, but wholly forgetful of the wind and rain.

"You did that very pluckily, little one," said the onlooker, "but I am afraid you will suffer for it by and by. You must be chilled through."

Quickly as I looked up at him, I only met a good humored smile. He did not mean to be rude. And after all, when I was in such a mess it was not possible that he could see what I was like.

He was wet enough himself. The rain was streaming from the brim of the soft hat which he had turned down to shelter his face, and trickling from his chin, and turning his shabby Norfolk jacket a darker shade. As for his hands, they looked red and knuckly enough, and he had been wading almost to his waist. But he looked, I don't know why, all the stronger and manlier and nicer for these things, because, perhaps, he cared for them not a whit. What I looked like myself I dared not think. My skirts were as short as short could be, and they were soaked; most of my hair was unbraided, my gloves were split, and my sodden boots were out of shape. I was forced, too, to shiver and shake from cold, which was provoking, for I knew it made me seem half as small again.

"Thank you, I am a little cold, Mr.—, Mr.—" I said gravely, only my teeth would chatter so that he laughed outright as he took me up with—

"Herapath. And to whom have I the honor of speaking?"

"I am Miss Guest," I said, miserably. It was too cold to be frigid to advantage.

"Commonly called Bab, I think," the wretch answered. The walls of our hut

are not soundproof, you see. But come, the sooner you get back to dry clothes and the stove, the better, Bab. You can cross the river just below and cut off a half-mile that way."

"I can't," I said, obstinately. Bab, indeed! How dared he?

"Oh yes, you can," with intolerable good temper. "You shall take your rod and I the prey. You cannot be wetter than you are now."

He had his way, of course, since that I did not foresee that at the ford he would lift me up bodily and carry me over the deeper part without a pretense of asking leave, or a word of apology. It was done so quickly that I had not time to remonstrate. Still I was not going to let it pass, and when I had shaken myself straight again, I said, with all the haughtiness I could assume, "Don't you think, Mr. Herapath, that it would have been more—more—"

"Polite to offer to carry you over, child? No, not at all. It will be wiser and warmer for you to run down the hill. Come along!"

And without more ado, while I was still choking with rage, he seized my hands and set off at a trot, lugging me through the sloppy places much as I have seen a nurse drag a fractious child down Constitution Hill. It was not wonderful that I soon lost the little breath his speech had left me, and was powerless to complain when we reached the bridge. I could only thank heaven that there was no sign of Clare. I think I should have died of mortification if she had seen us come down the hill hand in hand in that ridiculous fashion. But she had gone home, and at any-rate I escaped that degradation.

A wet stool-car and a wetter pony were dimly visible on the bridge, to which, as we came up, a damp urchin creeping from some crevice added himself. I was pushed in as if I had no will of my own, the gentleman sprang up beside me, the boy tucked himself away somewhere behind, and the little "teste" sat off at a canter, so deceived by the driver's excellent imitation of "pss," the Norse for "tchkh," that in ten minutes we were at home.

"Well, I never!" Clare said, surveying me from a respectful distance, when at last I was safe in our room. "I would not be seen in such a state by a man for all the fish in the sea!"

And she looked so tall, and trim, and neat, that it was the more provoking. At the moment I was too miserable to answer her, and had to find comfort in promising myself that when we were back in Bolton Gardens I would see that Fraulein kept Miss Clare's pretty nose to the grindstone though it were ever so much her last term, or Jack were ever so fond of her. Papa was in the plot against me,

too. What right had he to thank Mr. Herapath for bringing "his little girl" home safe. He can be pompous enough at times. I never knew a stout Queen's Counsel—and papa is stout—who was not any more than a thin one, who did not contradict. It is in their parents, I think.

Mr. Herapath dined with us that evening—if fish and potatoes and boiled eggs, and sour bread and pancakes, and claret and coffee can be called a dinner—but nothing I could do, though I made the best of my wretched frock and was as stiff as Clare herself, could alter his first impression. It was too bad; he had no eyes! He either could not or would not see anyone but the draggled Bab—fifteen at most and a very tomboy—whom he had carried across the river. He styled Clare, who talked Baedeker to him in her primest and most precocious way, Miss Guest, and once at least during the evening dubbed me plain Bab. I tried to freeze him with a look then, and papa gave him a taste of the pompous manner, saying coldly that I was older than I seemed. But it was not a bit of use; I could see that he set it all down to the grand airs of a spoiled child. If I had put my hair up it might have opened his eyes, but Clare teased me about it and I was too proud for that.

When I asked him if he was fond of dancing, he said good-naturedly, "I don't visit very much, Miss Bab. I am generally engaged in the evening."

Here was a chance. I was going to say that that no doubt was the reason why I had never met him, when papa ruthlessly cut me short by asking, "You are not in the law?"

"No," he replied. "I am in the London Fire Brigade."

I think that we all upon the instant saw him in a helmet sitting at the door of the fire station by St. Martin's church. Clare turned crimson and papa seemed on a sudden to call his patent to mind. The moment before I had been as angry as angry could be with our guest, but I was not going to look and see him snubbed when he was dining with us and all. So I rushed into the gap as quickly as surprise would let me with "Good gracious, how nice! Do tell me all about a fire!"

It made matters—my matters—worse, for I could have cried with vexation when I read in his face next moment that he had looked for their astonishment; while the ungrateful fellow set down my eager remark to mere childish ignorance.

"Some time I will," he said with a quiet smile *de haut en bas*; "but I do not often attend one in person. I am Captain —'s private secretary, aid-de-camp, and general factotum."

And it turned out that he was the son of

a certain Canon Herapath, so that papa lost sight of his patent box altogether, and they set to discussing Mr. Gladstone, while I slipped off to bed feeling as small as I ever did in my life and out of temper with everybody. It was a long time since I had been used to young men talking politics to papa, when they could talk—politics—to me.

Possibly I deserved the week of vexation which followed; but it was almost more than I could bear. He—Mr. Herapath, of course—was always about fishing or lounging outside the little white posting house, taking walks and meals with us, and seeming heartily to enjoy papa's society. He came with us when we drove to the top of the pass to get a glimpse of the Sulethid Peak; and it looked so brilliantly clear and softly beautiful as it seemed to float, just tinged with color, in a far-off atmosphere of its own beyond the dark ranges of nearer hills that I began to think at once of the drawing-room in Bolton Gardens with a cosy fire burning, and afternoon tea coming up. The tears came into my eyes, and he saw them before I could turn away from the view; and said to papa that he feared his little girl was tired as well as cold—and so spoiled all my pleasures. I looked back afterwards as papa and I drove down; he was walking by Clare's cariole and they were laughing heartily.

And that was the way always. He was such an elder brother to me—a thing I never had and do not want—that a dozen times a day I set my teeth viciously together and said to myself that if ever we met in London—but what nonsense was that, because, of course, it mattered nothing to me what he was thinking, only he had no right to be so rudely familiar. That was all; but he was quite enough to make me dislike him.

However, a sunny morning in the holidays is a cheerful thing, and when I strolled down stream with my rod on the day after our expedition, I felt I could enjoy myself nearly as much as I had before his coming spoiled our party. I dawdled along, now trying to pool, now clambering up the hillsides to pick raspberries, and now counting the magpies that flew across, feeling altogether very placid and good and contented. I had chosen the lower river because Mr. Herapath usually fished the upper part, and I would not be ruffled this nice day. So I was the more vexed to come suddenly upon him fishing; and fishing where he had no right to be. Papa had spoken to him about the danger of it, and he had as good as said he would not do it again. Yet there he was, thinking, I dare say, that we should not know. It was a spot where one bank rose into quite a cliff, frowning over a deep pool at the foot of some falls. Close to the cliff the water still ran with the speed of a

millrace, so fast as to endanger a good swimmer. But on the far side of this current there was a pit of slack water which was tempting enough to have set one's wits to work to devise means to fish it, which from the top of the cliff was impossible. Just above the water was a ledge, a foot wide, perhaps, which might have done only if it did not reach this end of the cliff. However, that foolhardy person had espied this, and got over the gap by bridging the latter with a bit of plank, and then had drowned himself or gone away, in either case leaving his board to tempt others to do likewise.

And there was Mr. Herapath fishing from the ledge. It made me giddy to look at him. The rock overhung the water so much that he could not stand upright; the first person who got there must surely have learned to curl himself up from much sleeping in Norwegian beds, which were short for me. I thought of this oddly enough as I watched him, and laughed, and was for going on. But when I had walked a few yards, meaning to pass round the rear of the cliff, I began to fancy all sorts of foolish things would happen. I felt sure that I should have no more peace or pleasure if I left him there. I hesitated. Yes, I would. I would go down, and ask him to leave the place; and, of course, he would do it.

I lost no time, but ran down the slope smartly and carelessly. My way lay over loose shale mingled with large stones, and it was steep. It is wonderful how quickly an accident happens; how swiftly a thing that cannot be undone is done, and we are left wishing—oh, so vainly—that we could put the world, and all things in it, back by a few seconds. I was checking myself near the bottom, when a big stone on which I stepped moved under me. This shale began to slip in a mass, and the stone to roll. It was all done in a moment. I stayed myself, that was easy enough, but the stone took two bounds, jumped sideways, struck the piece of board which was only resting lightly at the other end, and before I could take it all in the little bridge plunged end first into the current, which swept it out of sight in an instant.

He threw up his hands in affright, for he had turned and we both saw it happen. He made indeed as if he would try to save it, but that was impossible; and then, while I cowered in dismay, he waved his arm to me in the direction of home—again and again. The roar of the falls drowned what he said, but I guessed his meaning. I could not help him myself, but I could fetch help. It was three miles to Breistolen, rough, rocky ones, and I doubt whether he could keep his cramped position with that noise deafening him, and the endless whirling stream before his eyes, while I was going and coming. But

there was no better way I could think of; and even as I wavered, he signalled to me again imperatively. For an instant everything seemed to go round with me, but it was not the time for that yet, and I tried to collect myself, and harden my heart. Up the bank I went steadily, and once at the top set off at a run homewards.

I cannot tell at all how I did it; how I passed over the uneven ground, or whether I went quickly or slowly save by reckoning papa made afterwards. I can only remember the long hurrying scramble; now I panted uphill, now I ran down, now I was on my face in a hole, breathless and half-stunned, and now I was up to my knees in water. I slipped and dropped down places I should at other times shrunk from, and hurt myself so that I bore the marks for months. But I thought nothing of these things; all my being was spent in hurrying on for his life, the clamor of every cataract I passed seeming to stop my heart's beating with very fear. So I reached Breistolen and panted over the bridge and up to the little white house lying so quiet in the afternoon sunshine, papa's stool-car even then at the door ready to take him to some favorite pool. Somehow I made him understand in broken words that Herapath was in danger, drowning already, for all I knew, and then I seized a great pole which was lying against the porch, and climbed into the car. Papa was not slow either; he snatched a coil of rope from the luggage, and away we went, a man and a boy whom he had hastily called running behind us. We had lost very little time, but so much may happen in so little time.

We were forced to leave the car a quarter of a mile from that part of the river, and walk or run the rest of the way. We all ran, even papa, as I had never known him to run before. My heart sank at the groan he let escape him when I pointed out the spot. We came to it one by one and we all looked. The ledge was empty. Jem Herapath was gone. I suppose it startled me. At any rate I could only look at the water in a dazed way, and cry quietly without much feeling that it was my doing; while the men shouting to one another in strange hushed voices searched about for any sign of his fate—"Jem! Jem Herapath!" So he had written his name only yesterday in the travelers' book at the posting house, and I had sullenly watched him from the window, and then had sneaked to the book and read it. That was yesterday, and now! Oh, Jem, to hear you say "Bab" once more!

"Bab! Why, Miss Bab, what is the matter?"

Safe and sound! Yes, there he was when I turned, safe, and strong, and cool, rod in hand, and a quiet smile in his eyes. Just as I had seen him yesterday, and

thought never to see him again; and saying, "Bab" exactly as of old, so that something in my throat—it may have been my anger at his rudeness, but I do not think it was—prevented me saying a word until all the others came round us, and a babel of Norse and English, and something that was neither, yet both, set in.

"But how is this?" objected my father when he could be heard, "you are quite dry, my boy?"

"Dry! Why not, sir? For goodness sake what is the matter?"

"The matter! Didn't you fall in, or something of the kind?" papa asked bewildered by this new aspect of the case.

"It does not look like it, does it? Your daughter gave me a very uncomfortable start by nearly doing so."

Every one looked at him for an explanation. "How did you manage to get from the ledge?" I said feebly. Where was the mistake? I had not dreamed it.

"From the ledge? Why by the other end to be sure, so that I had to walk back round the hill. Still I did not mind for I was thankful that it was the plank and not you that fell in."

"I—I thought—you could not get from the ledge," I muttered. The possibility of getting off at the other end had never occurred to me, and so I had made such a simpleton of myself. It was too absurd, too ridiculous. It was no wonder that they all screamed with laughter at the fool's errand they had come upon, and stamped about and clung to one another. But when he laughed too—and he did until the tears came to his eyes—there was not an ache or pain in my body—and I had cut my wrist to the bone against a splinter of rock—that hurt me one-half as much. Surely he might have seen another side of it. But he did not; and so I managed to hide my bandaged wrist from him, and papa drove me home. There I broke down entirely, and Clare put me to bed, and petted me, and was very good to me. And when I came down next day, with an ache in every part of me, he was gone.

"He asked me to tell you," said Clare, not looking up from the fly she was tying at the window, "that he thought you were the bravest girl he had ever met."

So he understood now, when others had explained to him. "No, Clare," I said coldly, "he did not say that exactly; he said, 'the bravest little girl.' For indeed, lying up stairs with the window open I had heard him set off on his long drive to Laerdalsoren. As for papa he was half-proud and half-ashamed of my foolishness, and wholly at a loss to think how I could have made the mistake.

"You've generally some common sense, my dear," he said that day at dinner, "and how in the world you could have been so

ready to fancy the man in danger, I—can—not—imagine!"

"Papa," put in Clare, suddenly, "your elbow is upsetting the salt."

And I had to move my seat just then to avoid the glare of the stove which was falling on my face.

#### HIS STORY

I was not dining out much at that time, partly because my acquaintance in town was limited, and something too because I cared little for it. But these were pleasant people, the old gentleman witty and amusing, the children, lively girls, nice to look at and good to talk with. The party had too a holiday flavor about them wholesome to recall in Scotland Yard; and as I had thought, playtime over, I should see no more of them, I was proportionately pleased to find that Mr. Guest had not forgotten me, and pleased also—shrewdly expecting that we might kill our fish over again—to regard his invitation to dinner at a quarter-to-eight as a royal command.

But if I took it so, I was sadly wanting in the regal courtesy to match. What with one delay owing to work that would admit of none, and another caused by a cabman strange to the ways of the town, it was twenty-five minutes after the hour named, when I reached Bolton Gardens. A stately man, so like the Queen's Counsel, that it was plain upon whom the latter modeled himself, ushered me straight into the dining-room, where Guest greeted me very kindly, and met my excuses by apologies on his part—for preferring, I suppose, the comfort of eleven people to mine. Then he took me down the table, and said, "My daughter," and Miss Guest shook hands with me and pointed to the chair at her left. I had still, as I unfolded my napkin, to say "Clear, if you please," and then I was free to turn and apologize to her, being a little shy, and as I have said, a somewhat infrequent diner out.

I think that I never saw so remarkable a likeness—to her younger sister—in my life. She might have been little Bab herself, but for her dress and some striking differences. Miss Guest could not have been more than eighteen, in form almost so fairy-like as the little one, and the same child-like innocent look on her face. She had the big grey eyes, too, that were so charming in Bab; but in her they were more soft and tender and thoughtful, and a thousand times more charming. Her hair too was brown and wavy; only instead of hanging loose or in a pig-tail anywhere and anyhow in a fashion I well remembered, it was coiled in a coronal on the shapely little head, that was so Greek, and in its gracious, stately, old-fashioned pose, so unlike Bab's. Her dress, of some creamy, gauzy stuff, revealed the prettiest white throat in the world, and arms deck-

ed in pearls, and, so far, no more recalled my little fishing-mate than the sedate self-possession and absurd dignity of this girl, as she talked to her other neighbor, suggested Bab making pancakes and chattering with the landlady's children in her strangely and wonderfully acquired Norse. It was not Bab in fact; and yet it almost might have been, an etherealised queenly womanly Bab. Who presently turned to me—

"Have you quite settled down after your holiday?" she asked, staying the apologies I was for pouring into her ear.

"I had until this evening, but the sight of your father is like a breath of fiord air. I hope your sisters are well."

"My sisters?" she murmured wonderingly, her fork half-way to her pretty mouth and her attitude one of questioning.

"Yes," I said, rather puzzled. "You know they were with your father when I had the good fortune to meet him. Miss Clare and Bab."

"Eh?" dropping her fork on the plate with a great clatter.

"Yes, Miss Guest, Miss Clare and Miss Bab."

I really began to feel uncomfortable. Her color rose, and she looked me in the face in a half-proud, half-fearful way as if she resented the inquiry. It was a relief to me, when, with some show of confusion, she at length stammered, "Oh, yes, I beg your pardon, of course they were. How very foolish of me! They are quite well thank you," and so was silent again. But I understood now. Mr. Guest had omitted to mention my name and she had taken me for someone else of whose holiday she knew. I gathered from the aspect of the table and the room that the Guests saw a good deal of company, and it was a very natural mistake, though by the grave look she bent upon her plate it was clear that the young hostess was taking herself to a task for it; not without, if I might judge from the lurking smile at the corners of her mouth, a humorous sense of the slip, and perhaps of the difference between myself and the gentleman whose part I had been unwittingly supporting. Meanwhile I had a chance of looking at her uncheckered; and thought of Dresden china, she was so frail and pretty.

"You were nearly drowned, or something of the kind, were you not?" she asked, after an interval during which we had both talked to others.

"Well, not precisely. Your sister fancied I was in danger, and behaved in the pluckiest manner—so bravely that I can almost feel sorry that the danger was not there to dignify her heroism."

"That was like her," she answered in a tone just a little scornful. "You must have thought her a terrible tomboy."

While she was speaking there came one

of the terrible lulls in the talk, and Mr. Guest overhearing, cried, "Who is that you are abusing, my dear? Let us all share in the sport. If it's Clare, I think I can name one who is a far worse hoyden upon occasion."

"It is no one of whom you have ever heard, papa," she answered archly. "It is a person in whom Mr.—Mr. Herapath—" I had murmured my name as she stumbled—"and I are interested. Now tell me did you not think so?" she murmured, graciously leaning the lightest bit towards me, and opening her eyes as they looked into mine in a way that to a man who had spent the day in a dusty room in Great Scotland Yard was sufficiently intoxicating.

"No," I said, lowering my voice in imitation of hers. "No, Miss Guest, I did not think so at all. I thought your sister a brave little thing, rather careless as children are apt to be, but likely to grow into a charming girl."

I wondered, marking how she bit her lip and refrained from assent, whether, impossible as it must seem to anyone looking in her face, there might not be something of the shrew about my beautiful neighbor. Her tone when she spoke of her sister seemed to impart no great goodwill.

"So that is your opinion?" she said, after a pause. "Do you know," with a laughing glance, "that some people think I am like her?"

"Yes?" I answered, gravely. "Well, I should be able to judge, who have seen you both and yet am not an old friend. And I think you are both like and unlike. Your sister has very beautiful eyes"—she lowered hers swiftly—"and hair like yours, but her manner and style were very different. I can no more fancy Bab in your place than I can picture you, Miss Guest, as I saw her for the first time—and on many after occasions," I added, laughing as much to cover my own hardihood as at the queer little figure I had conjured up.

"Thank you, Mr. Herapath," she replied, with coolness, though she had blushed darkly to her ears. "That I think must be enough of compliments, for to-night—as you are not an old friend." And she turned away, leaving me to curse my folly in saying so much, when our acquaintance was as yet in the bud, and as susceptible to over-warmth as to a temperature below zero.

A moment later the ladies left us. The flush I had brought to her cheek still lingered there, as she swept past me with a wondrous show of dignity in one so young. Mr. Guest came down and took her place, and we talked of the "land of berries," and our adventures there, while the rest—older friends—listened indulgently or struck in from time to time with their own biggest fish and deadliest flies.

I used to wonder why women liked to visit dusty chambers; why they get more joy—I am fain to think they do—out of a scrambling tea up three pairs of stairs in Pump Court, than from the very same materials and comfort withal—in their own house. I imagine it is for the same reason that the bachelor finds a singular charm in a lady's drawing room, and there, if anywhere, sees her with a reverent mind. A charm and a subservience which I felt to the full in the Guests' drawing-room—a room rich in subdued colours and a cunning blending of luxury and comfort. Yet it depressed me. I felt done. Mr. Guest had passed on to others and I stood aside, the sense that I was not of these people troubling me in a manner as new as it was absurd; for I had been in the habit of rather despising "society." Miss Guest was at the piano, the center of a circle of soft light, which showed up also a keen-faced, dark-whiskered man leaning over her with an air of one used to the position. Every one else was so fully engaged that I may have looked as well as felt, forlorn, and meeting her eyes could have fancied she was regarding me with amusement—almost triumph. It must have been mere fancy, bred of self-consciousness, for the next moment she beckoned me to her, and said to her cavalier:

"There, Jack, Mr. Herapath is going to talk to me about Norway now, so that I don't want you any longer. Perhaps, you won't mind stepping up to the school room—Fraulein and Clare are there—and telling Clare,—that—that—oh, anything."

There is no piece of ill-breeding so bad to my mind as for a man who is at home in a house to flaunt his favor in the face of other guests. That young lawyer's manner as he left her, and the smile of perfect intelligence which passed between them were such a breach of good manners as would have ruffled anyone. They ruffled me—yes, me, although it was no concern of mine what she called him, or how he conducted himself—so that I could do nothing but stand by the piano and sulk. One bear makes another, you know.

She did not speak, and I, content to watch the slender hands stealing over the keys would not, until my eyes fell upon her right wrist. She had put off her bracelet and so disclosed a scar upon it, something about which,—not its newness—so startled me that I said abruptly, "That is very strange! Pray tell me how you did it?"

She looked up, saw what I meant, and stopping hastily, put on her bracelets; to all appearance so vexed by my thoughtless question, and anxious to hide the mark, that I was quick to add humbly, "I asked because your sister hurt her wrist in nearly the same place on the day when

she thought I was in trouble, and the coincidence struck me."

"Yes, I remember," looking at me I thought with a certain suspicion, as though she were not sure that I was giving the right motive. I did this much in the same way. By falling, I mean. Isn't it a hateful disfigurement?"

No, it was no disfigurement. Even to her with a woman's love of conquest it must have seemed anything but a disfigurement had she known what the quiet, awkward man at her side was thinking, who stood looking shyly at it and found no words to contradict her, though she asked him twice, and thought him stupid enough. A great longing to kiss that soft, scarred wrist was on me—and Miss Guest had added another to the number of her slaves. I don't know now why that little scar should have so touched me any more than I then could guess why, being a commonplace person, I should fall in love at first sight, and feel no surprise at my condition, but only a half consciousness (seeming fully to justify it) that in some former state of being I had met my love, and read her thoughts, and learned her moods; and come to know the bright womanly spirit that looked from her frank eyes as well as if she were an old, old friend. And so vivid was this sensation, that once or twice, then and afterwards, when I would meet her glance, another name than hers trembled on my tongue and passed away before I could shape it into sound.

After an interval, "Are you going to the Goldmace's dance!"

"No," I answered her, humbly. "I go out so little."

"Indeed," with an odd smile not too kindly. "I wish—no I don't—that we could say the same. We are engaged, I think—" she paused, her attention divided between myself and Boccherini's minuet, the low strains of which she was sending through the room—"for every afternoon—this week—except Saturday. By the way, Mr. Herapath—do you remember what was the name—Bab told me you teased her with?"

"Wee bonnie Bab," I answered absent-ly. My thoughts had gone forward to Saturday. We are always dropping to-day's substance for the shadow of to-mor-row; like the dog—a dog was it not?—in the fable."

"Oh, yes, wee bonnie Bab," she mur-mered softly. "Poor Bab!" and suddenly cut short Boccherini's music and our chat by striking a terrific discord and laughing merrily at my start of discom-fitute. Every one took it as a signal to leave. They all seemed to be going to meet her again the next day, or the day after that; they engaged her for dances, and made up a party for the law courts, and tossed to and fro a score of laughing

catch-words, that were beyond my comprehension. They all did this except myself.

And yet I went away with something before me—that call upon Saturday afternoon. Quite unreasonably I fancied I should see her alone. And so when the day came and I stood outside the opening door of the dining-room, and heard voices and laughter within, I was hurt and grieved beyond measure. There was quite a party, and a merry one, assembled, who were playing at some game as it seemed to me, for I caught sight of Clare whipping off an impromptu bandage from her eyes, and striving by her stiffest air to give the lie to a pair of flushed cheeks. The black-whiskered man was there, and two men of his kind, and a German governess, and a very old lady in a wheel chair, who was called "grandmamma," and Miss Guest herself looking, in the prettiest dress of silvery plush, to the full as bright and fair and graceful as I had been picturing her each hour since we parted.

She dropped me a stately courtesy. "Will you play the part of Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs, Mr. Herapath, while I act honest Burchell, and say 'Fudge!' or will you burn nuts and play games with neighbor Flamborough? You will join us, won't you? Clare does not so misbehave every day, only it is such a wet afternoon and so cold and wretched, and we did not think there would be any more callers—and tea will be up in five minutes."

She did not think there would be any more callers! Something in her smile belied the words and taught me that she had thought—she had known—that there would be one more caller—one who would burn nuts and play games with her, though Rome itself were afire, and Tooley Street and the Mile End Road to boot.

It was a simple game enough, and not likely, one would say, to afford much risk of that burning the fingers, which gave a zest to the Vicar of Wakefield's nuts. One sat in the middle blind-folded, while the rest disguised their own or assumed each-other's voices, and spoke one by one some gibe or quip at his expense. When he succeeded in naming the speaker, the detected satirist put on the poke, and in his turn heard things good, if he had a conceit of himself—for his soul's health. Now this role unhappily soon fell to me, and proved a heavy one, because I was not so familiar with the other's voices as were the rest; and Miss Guest—whose faintest tones I thought to have known—had a wondrous knack of cheating me, now taking off Clare's voice, and now—after the door had been opened to admit the tea—her father's. So I failed again and again to earn my release. But when a voice behind me cried with well-feigned eagerness—

"How nice! Do tell me all about a fire!"

Though no fresh creaking of the door had reached me, nor warning been given of an addition to the players, I had not the smallest doubt who was the speaker; but exclaimed at once. "That is Bab; Now I cry your mercy. -I am right this time. That was Bab!"

I looked for a burst of applause and laughter, such as before had attended a good thrust home, but none came. On the contrary, with my words so odd a silence fell upon the room that it was clear that something was wrong, and I pulled off my handkerchief in haste, repeating, "That was Bab, I am sure."

But if it was I could not see her. What had come over them all? Jack's face wore a provoking smile, and his friends were clearly bent on sniggering. Clare looked horrified, and grandmamma gently titillated while Miss Guest, who had risen and half turned away towards the windows, seemed to be in a state of proud confusion. What was the matter?

"I beg every one's pardon by anticipation," I said, looking round in a bewildered way, "but have I said anything wrong?"

"Oh, dear no," cried the fellow they called Jack, with a familiarity that was in the worst taste—as if I had meant to apologize to him! "Most natural thing in the world!"

"Jack, how dare you?" exclaimed Miss Guest, stamping her foot.

"Well it seemed all right. It sounded very natural, I am sure."

"Oh you are unbearable! Why don't you say something, Clare?"

"Mr. Herapath, I am sure that you did not know that my name was Barbara."

"Certainly not," I cried. "What a strange thing!"

"But it is, and that is why grandmamma is looking so shocked, and Mr. Buchanan is wearing threadbare an old friend's privilege of being rude. I freely forgive you if you will make allowance for him. And you shall come off the stool of repentance and have your tea first, since you are the greatest stranger. It was a stupid game after all!"

She would hear no apologies from me. And when I would have asked her why her sister bore the same name, and thus excused myself, she was intent upon tea-making, and the few moments I could with decency add to my call gave me scant opportunity. I blush to think how I eked them out, by what subservience to Clare, by what a slavish anxiety to help even Jack to muffins—each piece I hoped might choke him. How slow I was to find hat and gloves, calling to mind with terrible vividness as I turned my back upon the circle, that again and again in my experience an acquaintance begun by a dinner,

had ended with a consequent call. And so I should have gone—it might have been so here—but that the door-handle was stiff, and Miss Guest came to my aid, as I fumbled with it. "We are always at home on Saturdays, if you like to call, Mr. Herapath," she murmured carelessly, not lifting her eyes—and I found myself in the street.

So carelessly she said it, that with a sudden change of feeling I vowed I would not call. Why should I? Why should I worry myself wth the sights of those other fellows parading their favor? With the babble of that society chit-chat, which I had so often scorned, and—and still scorned, and had no part or concern in. They were not people to suit me good. I would not go, I said, and repeated it firmly on Monday and Tuesday; on Wednesday only so far modified it that I thought at some distant time to leave a card—to avoid courtesy;—on Friday preferred an earlier date as wiser and more polite, and on Saturday walked shame-faced down the street and knocked and rang, and went upstairs to taste a pleasant misery Yes, and on the next Saturday, too, and the next, and the next; and that one on which we all went to the theatre, and that other one on which Mr. Guest kept me to dinner. Aye, and on other days that were not Saturdays, among which two stand high out of the waters of forgetfulness—high days indeed—days like twin pillars of Hercules, through which I thought to reach, as did the seaman of old, I knew not what treasure of unknown lands stretching away under the setting sun. First that one on which I found Barbara Guest alone and blurted out that I had the audacity to wish to make her my wife; and then heard, before I had well—or badly—told my tale, the wheels of grandmamma's chair outside.

"Hush!" the girl said, her face turned from me. "Hush, Mr. Herapath. You don't know me indeed. You have seen so little of me. Please say nothing more about it. You are completely under a delusion."

"It is no delusion that I love you, Barbara!" I cried.

"It is, it is," she repeated, freeing her hand. "There, if you will not take an answer—come—come at three to-morrow. But mind, I promise you nothing—I promise nothing," she added feverishly, and fled from the room, leaving me to talk to grandmamma as best and escape as quickly, as I might.

I longed for a great fire that evening, and failing one, tired myself by tramping unknown streets of the East-end, striving to teach myself that any trouble tomorrow might bring was but a shadow, a sentiment, a thing not to be mentioned in the same breath with the want and toil of which I caught glimpses up each street

and lane opened to right and left. In the main, of course, I failed; but the effort did me good, sending me home tired out, to sleep as soundly as if I were going to be hanged the next day, and not—which is a very different thing—to be put upon my trial.

"I will tell Miss Guest you are here, sir," the man said. I looked at all the little things in the room which I had come to know well—her work-basket, the music upon the piano, the table-easel, her photograph and wondered if I were to see them no more, or if they were to become a part of my every-day life. Then I heard her come in, and turned quickly, feeling that I should learn my fate from her greeting.

"Bab!" the word was wrung from me perforce. And then we stood and looked at one another, she with a strange pride and defiance in her eyes, though her cheek was dark with blushes, and I with wonder and perplexity in mine. Wonder and perplexity that quickly grew into a conviction, a certainty that the girl standing before me in the short skirted brown dress with tangled hair and loose neck-ribbon was the Bab I had known in Norway; and yet that the eyes—I could not mistake them now, no matter what unaccustomed look they might wear—were Barbara Guest's.

"Miss Guest—Barbara," I stammered, grappling with the truth, "why have you played this trick upon me?"

"It is Miss Guest and Barbara now," she cried with mocking courtesy. "Do you remember, Mr. Herepath, when it was Bab? When you treated me as a kind of toy, and a plaything, with which you might be as intimate as you liked; and hurt my feelings—yes, it is weak to confess it, I know—day by day, and hour by hour?"

"But surely, that is forgiven now?" I said, dazed by an attack so sudden and so bitter. "It is an atonement enough that I am at your feet now, Barbara!"

"You are not," she retorted hotly. "Don't you say you have offered love to me, who am the same with the child you teased at Breistolen. You have fallen in love with my fine clothes, and my pearls and my maid's work! not with me. You have fancied the girl you saw other men make much of. But you have not loved the woman who might have prized that which Miss Guest has never learned to value."

"How old are you?" I said hoarsely.

"Nineteen!" she snapped out. And then for a moment we were both silent.

"I begin to understand now," I answered slowly as soon as I could conquer something in my throat. "Long ago

when I hardly knew you, I hurt your woman's pride, and since that you have plotted—"

"No, you have tricked yourself."

"And schemed to bring me to your feet that you might have the pleasure of trampling on me. Miss Guest, your triumph is complete, more complete than you are able to understand. I loved you this morning above all the world—as my own life—as every hope I had. See, I tell you this that you may have a moments keener pleasure when I am gone."

"Don't! Don't!" she cried, throwing herself into a chair and covering her face.

"You have won a man's heart and cast it aside to gratify an old pique. You may rest content now, for there is nothing wanting in your vengeance. You have given me as much pain as a woman, the vainest and the most heartless, can give a man. Good-bye."

And with that I was leaving her, fighting my own pain and passion, so that the little hands she raised as though they would ward off my words were nothing to me. I felt a savage delight in seeing that I could hurt her, which deadened my own grief. The victory was not all with her lying there sobbing. Only where was my hat? Let me get my hat and go. Let me escape from this room where every trifle upon which my eye rested awoke some memory that was a pang. Let me get away, and have done with it all.

Where was the hat? I had brought it up, I could not go without it. It must be under her chair by all that was unlucky, for it was nowhere else. I could not stand and wait, and so I had to go up to her, with cold words of apology upon my lips, and being close to her and seeing on her wrist, half hidden by fallen hair, the scar she had brought home from Norway, I don't know how it was that I fell on my knees by her and cried:

"Oh, Bab, I loved you so! Let us part friends?"

For a moment, silence. Then she whispered, her hand in mine, "why did you not say Bab to begin? I only told you that Miss Guest had not learned to value your love."

"And Bab?" I murmured, my brain in a whirl.

"Learned long ago, poor girl!"

And the fair, tear-stained face of my tyranny looked into mine for a moment, and then came quite naturally to its resting place.

"Now," she said, when I was leaving, "you may have your hat, sir."

"I believe," I replied, "that you sat upon this chair on purpose."

And Bab blushed. I believe she did.



In the conveniently vague period known as "antiquity" the dance was of two kinds, sacred and profane. Specimens of the sacred dance, as practiced among the Egyptians in comparatively recent times, may be seen in Verdi's *Aida*. In Massenet's *Herodiade*, again, we have an example of the kind of dancing supposed to have been performed in the ancient Jewish temple. That from the earliest times dances have in moments of ecstasy been executed by holy persons in presence of sacred objects is perfectly well known, and it would be interesting, though perhaps difficult, to fix the date at which dancing was given up as a religious exercise to be continued only as a mundane diversion. The theater, with a like origin, has gone through the same changes as those by which the history of the dance has been marked; and in the present day there are countries not far distant where the ballet is sometimes a majestic entertainment and never more frivolous than many other forms of the drama.

Drawing-room dances, the subject of the present article, seem to have had their origin chiefly in stage dances, and to have been directly derived from the modified forms of stage dances practiced in palaces and private houses by companies of amateurs. Drawing-room dancing, as distinguished from ballet dancing and the national dance of peasants, has found its chief center in France; whence, like fashions of many other kinds, it has spread to different parts of Europe. It was introduced, however, into France by the Italians, whose magnificent entertainments of the singing and dancing kind were nationalized in her adopted country by Catherine de Medici. The exotic found itself planted in congenial soil, and the dance has flourished in France ever since. Henry IV. was a most determined dancer, and according to Cahuzac, author of the *Traite Historique de la Danse*, it was under this king that the French people danced the most. The dances at the court of Louis XIII. used to be directed by no less a personage than Richelieu, who, it may be hoped, was more successful as a ballet master than as a dramatist. Louis XIV., king of dancers and chief dancer among kings, carried his passion for what some call the terpsichorean, others the salutatory art, so far to be found, not a dancing

academy but an academy of dancing, which was placed under the musical direction of Lulli, the introducer, or at least, establisher of opera in France.

The minuet (of which the name, menuet, is said to be derived from menu, as indicating the little step of which it is composed) is especially associated with the period of Louis XIV. It was natural that a great many things should happen during the reign of this monarch, which, if glorious was also exceptionally long. The genius of Moliere belonged as much, and the genius of Corneille belonged more to the reign of Louis XIII. than to that of his successor. But the story of the minuet is all the great monarch's own; and the grand air with which this master of the "noble" style of dancing performed the dance considered "noble" among all others has often been celebrated. He danced his minuets to the music composed specially for them by Lulli.

Minuets formed part of most of the ballets and diversions in which Louis le Grand loved to figure; and it continued to be the favorite dance both of the stage and of the ballroom during the Regency, throughout the reigns of Louis XV. and Louis XVI., and up to the outbreak of the Revolution. The art of dancing it was taught by professors who seem to have excelled in fatuity and in fanaticism for this frivolous art the famous dancing master of Moliere's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. The saying attributed to one of these vain enthusiasts—*il y a un monde dans un menuet*—has become proverbial. They are accused by contemporary writers of behaving with the greatest insolence to the highborn ladies whom they instructed in the mysteries of the minuet and gavotte, and of carrying their pretensions in the matter of money so far as to demand from them, for each lesson, un ecu de six livres, about sixty-three cents of our money. One may form some idea of the passion with which, during the latter part of the eighteenth century, dancing was cultivated in France by what Rousseau, in his *Musical Dictionary*, tells us as to its popularity, on the stage, and by what Rousseau's *Nouvelle Heloise* the hero, St. Preux, writes on the subject of stage dancing to the heroine, Julie. "Priests," says St. Preux, "dance, soldiers dance, gods dance, devils dance, there is



After the Hunt Ball—From the Original Painting by Julius L. Stewart

dancing even at funerals—dancing apropos of everything. Dancing is now the fourth of the fine arts constituting the lyrical scene. The three others are inimitative, but what does this imitate? Nothing. It is then quite extraneous when employed in this manner; for what can minuets and rigodons have to do in a tragedy? \* \* \* Most of the ballets have as many separate subjects as there are acts, and these subjects are linked together by certain metaphysical relations which the spectator could never conceive if the author did not take care to explain them to him in the prologue. The seasons, the ages, the senses, the elements—what connection have they with dancing? \* \* \* Some of the pieces, such as the *Carnival* and *Folly*, are purely allegorical; but these are the most insupportable of all."

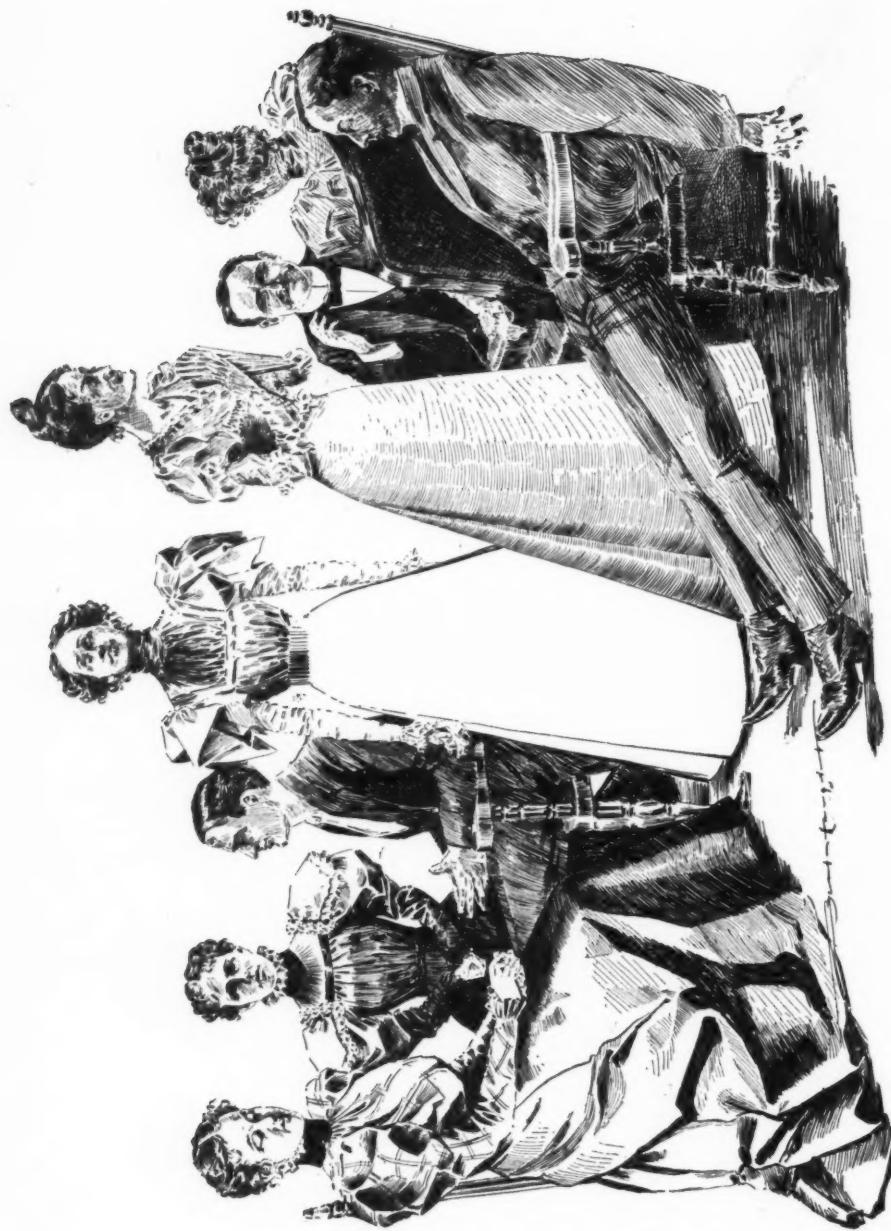
The gavotte, more modern, though in the present day quite as old-fashioned as the minuet, belongs to the last days of the French monarchy, which it survived to become for a time the favorite dance of the "Merveilleuses" and the "Incro�ables" of the Directory. Like so many other dances it is of national or rather local origin, and takes its name from Gap, whose inhabitants, called "gavots" and "gavottes," say that their little town is at equal distance from Geneva, Lyons, Turin, Avignon and Marseilles. The "gavotte" was introduced as a pendant to the minuet; probably at a time when people were beginning to get tired of the more ancient dance; from which it differs in the first place by being danced to music in two-four instead of like the minuet in three-four time. As a musical form it has never possessed for composers the same attraction as the minuet; though of late years it has been cultivated to some extent by composers who seeking for the new have only been able to find it in a revival of the old. Everyone has heard at orchestral concerts the minuets and gavottes of Boccherini, and there is a charming example of the gavotte in Ambroise Thomas' opera of *Mignon*. The gavotte was first brought into general favor by Marie Antoinette, who danced it at court as a sequel to the minuet. Hence the name *menuet de la cour* given to the two dances considered as one. It was replaced for a time during the Reign of Terror by the more lively *Carmagnole*, and though it flourished again in the luxurious days of the Directory, it died out under the Empire, which was not indeed a dancing but a fighting period.

Drawing room dances have, as before observed, been in some cases borrowed from the stage. They have also been adopted from foreign countries; and among the French they have often been deliberately invented by dancing masters of a creative turn of mind. No form of drawing room dances seems, however, to

have enjoyed a long life; each new century, each new period within a century having dances of its own. In a ballroom programme of twenty or thirty years ago the list of dances would have included quadrilles, polkas, waltzes, with perhaps a final gallop; while sixty or seventy years ago, at the time of the great peace, when the allied sovereigns were visiting London and Almacks was in its glory, the favorite dance (the waltz, already introduced, having been found difficult to acclimatize) was certainly the quadrille. Even fifty years ago the dancing of quadrilles was considered an art and mystery well worth acquiring; and Mr. N. P. Willis, in his *Pencilings by the Way*, published about this time, discourses learnedly as to the proper executions of this and that figure, and boasts that certain methods of advancing and retiring invented at Paris reached New York and had been adopted there before being introduced into London. The quadrille did indeed for many years enjoy a full and vigorous life. Its history is a strange one; for though it has always been regarded in England as a characteristically French dance, it is nevertheless of English origin. The quadrille or contredance was borrowed from the English country dance, a fact, accepted together with the etymology of the name, by all French writers on the subject. The French dancing masters of the time of the Regency varied, however, the English figures with new combinations of their own, and the brilliant idea occurred to one of them of placing the couples, not in long, double lines, but in compact squares. One dancing master immortalized himself by devising the figure to which the name of Trenise was given. His own name was Trenitz, and for a time the new figure shed upon him the same sort of lustre with which the late Count Nesselrode shone as the originator of whist without trumps and iced plum pudding.

How the first figure of a quadrille came to be known as *pantalon*, the second as *l'ete*, the third as *la poule*, and the new fourth, by which *la trenise* was one day to be replaced as *la pastorale*, or *pastourelle*, it might be hard to say. The names may in some cases have been borrowed from English country dances; or they may have been due solely to the imitation of the Parisian dancing masters. The connection of the new fourth figure with pastoral pursuits, of the third with a hen, of the second with summer, or of the first with either pantaloons or pantaloons is by no means clear. The last figure was always known simply as *la finale*. It is danced, however, with many variations, and in ancient days it was not everyone who knew which of the variations was at a particular moment in fashion.

For a considerable period quadrilles seem to have been danced to one recognized



Ladies' Choice at a Dance

set of tunes, which may possibly, however, at long intervals have been changed. Composers of eminence did not disdain to write quadrille music, and Herz, to whom society is indebted for the terrible drawing room piece known as the "air with variations" (happily no longer in fashion), produced some fifty or sixty years ago a set of quadrilles which for a long time afterwards were known emphatically and exclusively as the "first set." Some years later it occurred to Musard, after he had composed a certain number of original quadrilles, that it would be convenient to borrow the melodies of future quadrilles from the operas in vogue, and from the days of Musard until now the directors of dance orchestras and the composers of dance music generally have not scrupled to lay hands on no matter what music which, by quickening or slackening the time, sometimes even by elongating or shortening the phrase, and by changing the tempo, they could convert into suitable quadrille tunes.

It would be interesting to know who fixed the music of each quadrille figure. But it is an invariable rule that the music of the first figure must be in six-eight time, that of the second in two-four time, that of the third in six-eight time, that of the fourth in two-four or sometimes by exception, six-eight time, and that of the finale in two-four time played more quickly than the music of the second figure—accelerated indeed to the tempo of the galop. Several French composers have written original quadrilles of considerable merit. But for many years past it has not been considered worth while to invent new melodies when so many available ones were to be found in the operas of the day.

Polkas and waltzes are often like quadrille tunes, dug out of their place in the last popular opera, and presented separately or in a suite under the name of the works from which they are borrowed. There is no particular objection to this process when the melody has been originally written in waltz or in polka form. But unfortunately any melody which happens to be in triple, or in quadruple time is thought fit material for conversion into a waltz or a polka. There is a waltz for instance on motives from the *Lucia*, in which the duet for Edgardo and Lucia at the end of the first act, and even the air of Lucia's mad scene, are employed as suitable themes for dancing purposes. The melody of the prayer in *Mose in Egitto* has with still less excuse been used for the middle part of the last figure of a quadrille.

There are probably dancers who do not object to be reminded in this strange manner of the favorite operas of the day. It must in fairness, moreover, be remembered that there are some operas which

lend themselves readily enough to this mode of treatment: Martha, for instance, that "polka in four acts," as someone has called it. Some operatic composers have expressed great indignation at the use made by dance arrangers of their more or less dramatic melodies. But Mozart could afford to smile at such treatment, and when, in the music gardens of Vienna, he heard fragments from his operas presented in the form of dances, he was amused, if not absolutely delighted.

The polka, introduced some forty years ago, was represented at the same time as the invention of a Bohemian nobleman who had seen better days. If this impoverished magnate had taken out a patent for his dance he might have made an immense fortune by it. As it was, it must have put much money into the pockets of dancing masters, for when the polka was suddenly introduced, everyone had to learn it. It seemed novel both in rhythm and in step, though as a matter of fact the rhythm was precisely that of the Polish national dance, known as the Krakoviak, or in French Cracovienne, the traditional dance of the peasants about the neighborhood of Cracow, fitted with an appropriate tune, which in popular throughout Poland, but especially in the vicinity of its place of origin. The polka, however, was not destined to enjoy the long continued favor of the waltz, which has virtually banished from London ball-rooms all other dances.

There are many ancient dances, forgotten as such, which are still familiar to us by their music, and which may still be seen on the operatic stage. The eighteenth century minuet, for instance, is danced in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, and used at one time (contrary, it need scarcely be said, to the intentions of the composer) to be followed by the more modern gavotte. The lively dance, in the opening scene of *Rigoletto* belongs not to the period of Verdi, but to that in which the action of the piece is supposed to take place. The rigodon, again, is known to us not by the dance itself, but by the music proper to it. Most pianists of the present day have for instance heard, even if they have not themselves played, the rigodon of Raff. This dance is said to have been invented by a dancing master named "Rigaud." Its original name was "Rigaudon."

The mazurka has never made its way in England, probably because it is of too demonstrative a character to suit our demure tastes. Another of the three great Polish national dances, the polska or polonaise, is scarcely a dance at all, but rather a formal promenade, to music of a particular character, in three-four time, generally with a strong accent of the second beat in the bar. The Krakoviak is, as already suggested, a possible parent

of the polka, that is to say, as it used to be danced on the stage with hops and kicks—the parent of the polka with the conventional slide of the ballroom.

Very few composers have distinguished themselves in the polka form, which, compared with the waltz form, is almost vulgar. Those who remember Madame Bosio's singing of the vocal polka from Plary's *Treozze* will, perhaps, not think

which first made this dance popular, lasted almost as long as the dance itself.

The waltz, generally supposed to be of German origin, is claimed as an ancient national dance by the French. According to this view, it was reintroduced into France about the time of the Revolution, and was soon adopted by all classes of society. In Germany, however, the waltz seems to be a traditional dance, and the peasants in all parts of Germany may be seen walzing at their village festivals. Alfred de Musset recognizes the



The Cotillion

thoroughly German character of the waltz when he writes:

*"Je voudrais au moins qu'  
une duchesse en France  
Sut valser aussi bien qu' un bouvier  
allemand."*

In France waltzing is an acquired art, and those alone waltz who have been systematically taught. A dance closely resembling the waltz, if not the waltz itself, was danced in Providence at least seven hundred years ago. It was called the volta, and from Providence made its way to Paris, where, during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, it was much in vogue at the court. From France, according to the French view of the matter, the volta passed to Germany, where the name was corrupted into walzer. As the verb walzen means simply "to turn," "to revolve," etymology seems to countenance the German origin of this very German dance. It was not until some years after its alleged reintroduction into France that the waltz reached England, where its adoption provoked severe criticism on the part of Byron and other moralists. Byron's poems on the waltz represented no doubt the prejudices of a large portion of society and for many years the waltz was

so. But the grace of that charming vocalist would have refined anything, and against dozens of beautiful waltzes that can be remembered by everyone, how many tolerable polkas can be placed?

The galop is hardly known to the present generation. As for its music, all that need be said of it is that at least one spirited and tuneful example of the form exists in Auber's *Invitation to the Ball*, presented in *Gustavus III.*, first as a song for the page—the original of Oscar in Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*—and afterwards, with quickened time, as a dance for the entire assembly. For many years Auber's *Invitation to the Ball* was the only galop recognized, and Auber's music,

looked upon in many circles with grave suspicion. Young ladies were frequently to be met with who, dancing other dances, declined to waltz, and the feeling on the subject entertained by a good number of men was no doubt accurately expressed in certain lines cited in the correspondence of Miss Mitford.

"I am happy," wrote Sir W. Elford to Miss Mitford, December, 1813, "that you think with me about waltzing. Have you seen Sir H. Englefield's verses? They appear to me perfect, as touching forcibly the proper points. They are supposed to be indignantly addressed to the man who is found waltzing with the poet's mistress."—

"What! the girl I adored by another embraced!  
What! the balm of her breath shall another man taste?  
What! pressed in the dance by another man's knee?  
What! panting recline on another than me!  
Sir, she is yours; you have pressed from grape its fine blue.  
From the rosebud you've shaken the tremulous dew;  
What you've touched you may take, pretty waltzer—adieu!"

"I wish all good people," adds Sir W. Elford, "would lift up their voices against the introduction of this dance. I am sure it will never be generally tolerated in this country, unless the moral feeling of the community has undergone a change, which I trust is not yet the case."

It does not seem to have occurred to any modern French writer that waltzing could be considered improper; but the volta or volte, which, to judge by descriptions, possessed the main features of the waltz was often condemned in the primitive days to which it belonged. A writer of the sixteenth century, Thoinot Arbeau by name, in a book entitled *Orcheographie*, written with the view of enabling all persons "to learn and practice the honest exercise of dancing," speaks very slightly of the volte, and points out that the giddiness likely to be caused by it is not of a physical nature alone.

But questions of propriety and impropriety are often mere questions of custom, and the dance which scandalized the mothers and even the daughters of our forefathers' time is accepted without hesitation in our present time. Not to waltz in the present day would be simply not to dance. At many balls waltzes are danced throughout the evening. As at many dinners nothing but champagne is drunk. As dancing masters must live, new waltz steps are from time to time invented, and these serve the good purpose of excluding dancers who do not keep pace with the movement of their time.

When a man finds that a particular step he had learned in his youth has passed out of fashion if not out of memory, he will scarcely be foolish enough to learn a new one. His dancing days are over, and the changed step has in a forcible manner reminded him of it. The German peasant waltzes now as he has waltzed for centuries past. He goes on turning, like the river in Horace in *omne volubilis aevum*, and nothing will tell him to stop but age and stiffness of limb.

That the waltz is the most charming dance ever invented is sufficiently proved by the quantity of beautiful music in waltz form written by modern composers, from Weber to Offenbach and from Beethoven to Brahms. Like the temperance fiddlers of Kriloff's fable, who were "good men, but bad musicians," Beethoven's waltzes are good as music, but detestable as music for dancing. Not so the waltzes of Weber, the inventor, or at least, perfector of the form, whose irresistible "Invitation to the Waltz," still remains the most melodious and most rhythmical specimen of this fascinating class of music. The *Invitation to the Waltz* was not, it need scarcely be said, written as dance music, but a waltz that cannot be danced to it deserves to be put in the same category as songs that cannot be sung; and Weber's typical, monumental waltz, at once the most classical and the most romantic example of the style, seems, as introduced with Berlioz's orchestration in that master's version of *Der Freischütz*, to have been primarily written to suit the steps of the dancers. Beethoven's waltzes, with all their beauty—which, since they are the work of Beethoven, one is bound to admit—might have been written to accompany the steps of those elephants who, in the circus of Imperial Rome, were trained to walk on the tight rope.

Modern waltz music comes almost exclusively from Vienna. Chopin, indeed, is the only composer not of Viennese origin who has written perfect waltzes. Some of the Viennese waltz makers were not, it is true, born at Vienna. Gung'l, for instance, was a Hungarian. But the composer is sometimes formed by his audience, and at Vienna a beautiful waltz is more readily appreciated than elsewhere. Lanner, Labitzky and the Straussses all belonged by birth or by adoption to Vienna. For the last sixty years all Europe has danced to the music of waltzes by some member of the Strauss family, by Johann Strauss, the elder, or Johann Strauss, the younger, or by one of the brothers of this younger Johann. Among other groundless accusations brought against the English by Heine (who, however, became reconciled to us before he died), is that of being unable to waltz in time even to the music of Strauss. It was on the authority of Johann, the

elder, that Heine made this charge, which in the present day will be received with incredulity. That the Straussses possessed, and that the younger members of the family still possess, a special aptitude for waltz composition amounting almost to genius, can scarcely be denied, and negative proof of this is given by the comparative failure of far greater composers, such as Donizetti and Verdi, who have both written formal waltzes, the former in the third act of *Don Pasquale*, the latter in the first act of *La Traviata*. Of late years many composers have written waltz melodies for the voice. Venzano is believed to have originated this style, which has been continued with striking success by Ardit. Gounod, in his *Romeo and Juliet*, has written for the heroine a very charming waltz, to which pedantic objection has been made on the untenable ground that waltz form was not known in the days of the Montagues and the couples. The earliest specimen of the waltz for the voice occurs, so far as I know, in Glinka's second and last opera, *Ruslan e Ludmila*, produced in 1842.

The cotillon has no special dance rhythm inseparably connected with it, and though it is usually danced in waltz step, it is sometimes executed successively to the music of the waltz, the polka and the mazurka. In Russia and Poland it is often danced in mazurka step alone. The leader of the cotillon may please himself in these matters. But if in England he ordered the musicians to play a mazurka and began with his partner to dance it, he would probably have but few followers. The cotillon is looked upon among the French as a dance in which everyone may take part without limit of age, much indeed

as Sir Roger de Coverley is regarded in England. Many of the distinguished cotillon leaders have been by no means young men, and an authority on this subject declares that ladies who can dance at all may dance the cotillon until the age of forty-five. This view would not be accepted in England, where the cotillon is generally danced by those who have still a passion for dancing, very young persons, that is to say. A Pole will dance the mazurka, which to him is more or less a war dance, to any age. But the Poles have almost a mania for dancing, and at a ball in a Polish country house, the dancing only finishes to begin again. Thus when dawn seems to have brought the festivities to an end, the hosts, or, in their temporary absence, the guests, will darken the room, and prolonging the night well into the day, go on dancing for several hours more.

One way and another the cotillon offers great opportunities for the manifestation of preferences, the excitation of jealousies, and the practice of all the arts which are so intimately connected with the sometimes savage pleasure of the ballroom.



At a Children's Fancy Dress Ball

## THE MAKING OF MULLDURK

By BYRON E. COONEY

Mulldurk had no arts but manly arts. His figure was straight, his eye clear, his chest broad, and his voice resonant. He had ridden the ranges from Idaho to Dakota; he had lived fifteen years in the state and he boasted of it. In those years he had lived very close to nature, and he had fallen in love with her, absolutely and devotedly. Montana had been all sufficient to Derrick Mulldurk.

He was in all things large, as the largeness of his surroundings. The blue sky, the green forest, the laughing river, and the purple mountains were his books, from the purity of whose teachings he had framed his code of ethics. His law and religion were synonymous; Agent Mulldurk had never harmed any man; if he had sins they were all against himself.

Then, too, he had made the most of his possibilities in Montana. Everybody knew and liked him—even he knew that. Some of the attributes of a leader had brought him to the front everywhere. As range-rider, he was captain of the round-up, and as stockdealer, he had been elected sheriff. In a half-dozen valleys grazed bunches of his cattle whose value he had never stopped to compute. Now, by the diplomacy of his friend Hagen, he had been appointed Government Agent of the Flathead Reservation, and Hagen had more schemes for the future. Surely he was doing well at thirty.

Until now Mulldurk had never realized his limitations. His hair was shaggy, his apparel coarse, his English imperfect, and his profile like the edge of a giant rock on the sky line—he had known all these things and had been content until now. Now he was sensitive and self-conscious. Mulldurk was in love.

From time to time globe trotters visited the agency. One party, stopping at the Glacier House near by, presented him a letter from a Washington potentate, recommending them to the courtesy of the Government Agent.

In the party was Mrs. Larkin-Barth, of New York, the daintiest and tiniest combination of delicacy and witchery which won the heart and destroyed the peace of mind of the agent.

She had seen all that was worth seeing; read all that was worth reading, and had done all that was worth doing. The world was growing too small for her. She had met everyone that was worth meeting and in her character study she had exploited

every type but the one she met in Agent Mulldurk. Clara Larkin-Barth was a widow at twenty-three.

In the beginning she thought she would put him in the book she was too indolent to write, so she studied him. Each research showed her some new, unsuspected charm. Had she met him casually, she would have probably dismissed him as ignorant, for his knowledge of books was scant; but his knowledge of nature, of people, and of himself was boundless. What a foundation, she thought, on which to build a perfect man.

Often as they rode or drove together, and he described his conceptions of right and wrong, and his ideals of men and women, he made her feel her wasted opportunities. That she who had been presented, had soliloquized in the Coliseum, drifted on the Danube, and gambled at Monte Carlo, could be held and interested by this man with his limited and decrepit vocabulary, seemed incredible, but it was so. She relished him for his wholesomeness and intelligence, which more than made up for his lack of education.

Mulldurk was like a man suddenly awakened from a dream. Though he cursed himself for having wasted his life in Montana, he still retained a boyish confidence in an ability and cleverness that the West had never developed. Had he known a year ago that he was to meet this woman, to-day she would have known him a different man. When he proposed to her he was not surprised at her answer. Through it all he had felt himself a dual personality, the man he wished to be looking down in ridicule at the stupid, blundering clown he was. She treated him kindly and talked to him with consideration she had never shown to others, but she did not need to salve his feelings with courtesy. He knew he was impossible, and he knew just why.

They were leaving for the Coast and California, next day, but on their return in two or three months they would surely stop in Helena, possibly at the Agency. She hoped to see him again.

Mulldurk had not ridden far homeward until he missed his quit, which he had left under the vines where they had been sitting. Entering the garden noiselessly, as only the man trained in woodcraft instinctively walks, he heard voices almost within touching distance. Retreat or advance meant discovery; either suggested eavesdropping. They were speaking of him.

"Clara, you will take a chill. Come into the house, it's after twelve. Why are you so silent—did Cavaliera Rusticana propose? Tell me about it, Clara, it's so interesting. Of course I knew he would, everyone does. He's nice all right, if he wasn't so impossible. Imagine him at one of Mrs. Traynor's affairs, stepping on his feet, and saying 'I reckon yes'—why, he can't even dance. He's the biggest Reuben!"

"Stop, Florence," said Mrs. Larkin-Barth. "You mustn't. He has given me the most pleasant summer I have ever known, and his memory will remain long after he has forgotten me. He is one of the best and truest men that ever honored me with attention—pure as a crystal, and free in thought and speech, while we, with all our vaunted superiority, are hampered by conventionalities, upon which trifles hinge our happiness. To-night he told me the story of his love in his simple, circumscribed English, with an eloquence I would be proud to claim. His nature has all the strength of a man, and all the gentleness of a woman. Did you notice how tenderly he carried that little Indian girl who was thrown from her horse yesterday? Oh, Florence, life's a farce, after all. I'll tell you to-night what I thought I'd never tell anyone. If I met Agent Mulldurk in any possible walk of life, speaking Queen's English, and wearing conventional clothes, if I thought his mannerisms wouldn't scandalize me, there isn't a man on God's green earth could win me from him. There!"

Something like a sob escaped her as they left the summerhouse.

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Haggen's plans had been quietly and deeply laid. Derrick Mulldurk had been nominated for State Senator from Choteau County. The rally that night was to be a joint one, the opposing contestants speaking half-hours alternately. One thing worried Haggen. Could Mulldurk address a public assemblage. "Never mind, Haggen," laughed Mulldurk. "Yesterday I didn't want this nomination, but something happened last night which made me change my mind. You wouldn't suspect me of oratory, but I once addressed five hundred cowpunchers, when they wanted to lynch Brockey Pete for rustling mavericks. I know just the kind of a talk that goes with the range-rider, so don't be surprised at anything I say or do to-night."

The contestant had just concluded speaking, amid loud and continued applause. A young and ambitious lawyer, his address had been prepared and polished many days in advance. He went carefully over the history of his party. It was no personal interest that spurred him to his duty in the political battle. He

said he only hoped Choteau County would send a man competent to represent her in that honorable body, the Senate of Montana. He would not to-night undertake to point out the virtues in his own, or the fallacies in his opponent's platform, but in the coming campaign he intended to stump the county, hamlet, town and city, and he would dwell at length on the live issues of the day. He would no longer detain his esteemed opponent who no doubt desired to make an extended oration, for which he was amply qualified, so he would conclude by asking every liberty-loving American to give him his support on election day. Before the applause subsided, someone shouted, "Mulldurk!" and a thousand voices took up the cry.

Mulldurk took off his hat.

"My friends, I reckon I don't need anyone to introduce me—you all know me. I've ridden the range with you from Kootenais to the Bad Lands, and from the Canada line to the Yellowstone. I've listened carefully to the eloquence of my opponent and realize there's little left for me to say. I've no extended talk to make. You're intelligent men and know how to vote without being told. My friend refers to the coming campaign—as far as I'm concerned there ain't going to be any campaign. I don't believe in campaigning, and I don't believe in asking any man for his vote. I'm not going to talk about myself, my party, or my principles. You know them all as well as I do, perhaps better. Electing a senator is your business, not mine. I'm leaving for New York to-night, and I won't be back until after election day. My friends, I'll appreciate my election, but I won't ask for your support. You can vote for me or not, just as you damn please."

"You've spoiled everything," said Haggen.

"Fiddlesticks," said Mulldurk. "I've won. They'll be talking about that speech in Montana when we're both dead. Hear that applause?"

+ + +

Percy Mourdevant's "Young Men's School of Gentlemanly Deportment" seemed destined to failure. In its brief career of two weeks, not a student had darkened its doors, and the rent was due. He thought of the lawyer of Dawson's Landing, who for twenty-five years had never had a client, and took heart.

"Did you bring the coal? I suppose it's C. O. D.?"

Agent Mulldurk smiled.

"Young man, I ain't no coal-hauler. I'm Derrick Mulldurk, of Montana, stock-raiser and Government Agent of the Flathead Indian Reservation, and I want to enter your school!"

"I beg your pardon," stammered Percy,

"We shall certainly be pleased to enter you. Our terms are—"

"I don't care what your terms are. I'm no ordinary pupil. I want you to give all your time to me, for three months is my limit in New York, but in that time I want you to civilize me. I want you to take all the rough edges off me—you must learn me to "wear conventional clothes, and talk Queen's English." It will take all your time. If you've got any other class, dismiss them. I'll pay you a thousand dollars for the job. You must give me the latest books and papers, and put me in touch with the great world around me. I've got to be barbered and dressed and manicured and educated. I've got to learn to carry a cane, and eat with a fork, to walk across an oiled floor without slipping on the rugs. I've got to learn to dance, learn when to stand up and when to sit down, and how to shake hands and what to say, all in three months. Can it be done? Tell me—it means everything to me. Can I go back to Montana flawless in dress and deportment—because if I can't, I won't go back. I'll go to Buenos Ayres and teach the Patagonians how to raise shorthorns."

Percy Mourdevant could have embraced him. To him teaching was an art and a labor of love. It did not need the stimulus of his poverty to awaken his enthusiasm to the work before him. He held out his hand.

"Mr. Mulldurk, in three months from now, if the most critical connoisseur can find a fault in your style, I'll not charge you a dollar. You'll have to work hard and study every day, but when I have finished you will be the acme of gentlemanly perfection from your cravat to your shoe-lace. You're smarter than you think, and you're anxious to learn, and that means our work is half accomplished."

The opening of the session in Helena gathered the elite of the State at the Capital, each county being represented by its quota of leading citizens, who came to attend the inaugural ball. Clara Lar-kin-Barth wondered if it would be very awful. She had been so long away from civilization she would take almost any chances to enjoy a good-old-time two step. Entering the reception hall, the fulldress nature of the affair surprised her. Montana was more progressive than she had imagined. The men flocked around, almost fighting to be presented. In a few moments her programme was filled with names all equally strange and uninteresting. She danced with one and another as they claimed their dances—some were fairly good, many bad, all indifferent.

Haggen was all attention—his diplomacy was not confined to politics. In response to her inquiries, he told her of

Mulldurk's strange speech, and sudden departure, and of his sweeping victory in spite of his absence. As the dance ended, he whispered something that flushed her face with unexplainable pride—yes, Haggen was a diplomat.

From the street, drifted the strains of a band playing, "Hail to the Chief," everyone was rushing to the windows. A moment later Mulldurk entered the ballroom, bowing right and left, grasping with both hands the many eager hands extended to him in welcome.

It was Mulldurk, but what a metamorphose. Was this smiling, self-confident man, immaculate in the most accurate evening attire, taking part with ready wit and choicest English, in the repartee of the group in which he was the central figure, the clumsy, blundering cowboy she had three months ago rejected? He passed within touching distance of her—perhaps he would not notice her. She felt so small, so mean, so insignificant. She was tired and sick of everything—she wished she was home. Mulldurk had passed by. The two step began, but she excused herself. She wanted to follow him with her eyes everywhere, feasting on his every line of symmetry, and every motion of grace, the poise of his uplifted hand, the movement of his lips, and the expressive glances of his eye.

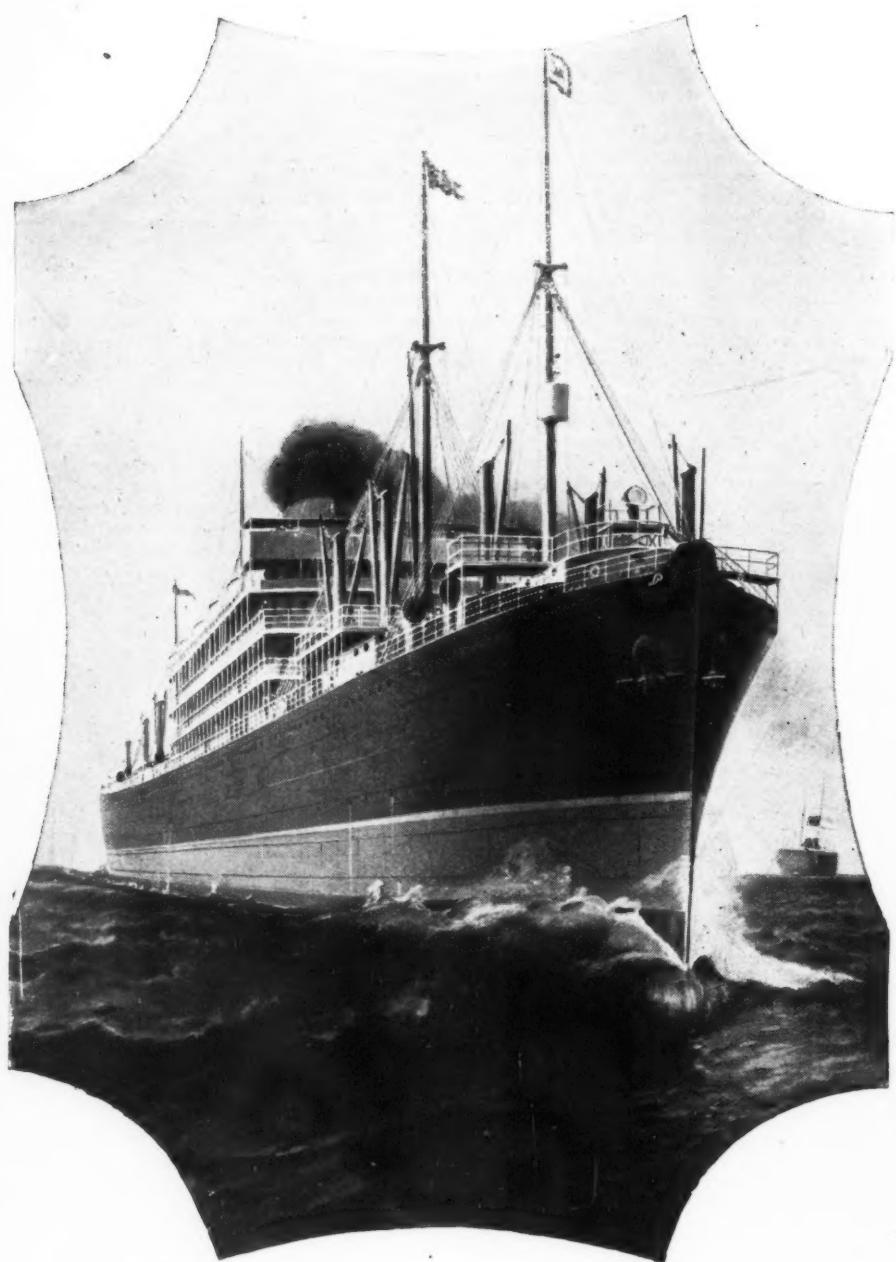
Her eyes dropped when his gaze found her. Mulldurk left his friends in the middle of their sentences, and held out both his hands. His expressions of pleasure at finding her were original and epigrammatic, complimentary polished phrases of the accomplished courtier. When he took her in his arms to dance, she feared the very fluttering of her heart against his would betray her. His dancing was a symphony. Down the long hall her feet never seemed to touch the floor—she only knew he held her in his strong embrace, bearing her through the crowd of dancers, strongly, confidently, not a mis-step, not an error. All was poetry. Oh, if the dance would go on forever!

They reached a corner of the hall where an exit led into the conservatories. Mulldurk did not turn. On they danced, out of the hall and down the long aisle, where the ferns and fuchsias, palms and crysanthemums, reached out to touch him as they passed. Into the smilax-arbor where seats were made for such as they, he bore her. The music had ceased, the dance was over, but she was still in his arms.

She had not spoken, but in her eyes, beaming with love and adoration, lay the answer of his unspoken question.

He kissed her on the lips.

"Sweetheart," he asked playfully, "Do you consider the United States Senate a possible walk of life?"



The "Minnesota," Built for the Asiatic Trade by the Great Northern Railway

## AMERICAN COMMERCE IN THE FAR EAST

By R. van BERGEN

Author of the *Story of Japan*, *The Story of China, Etc.*

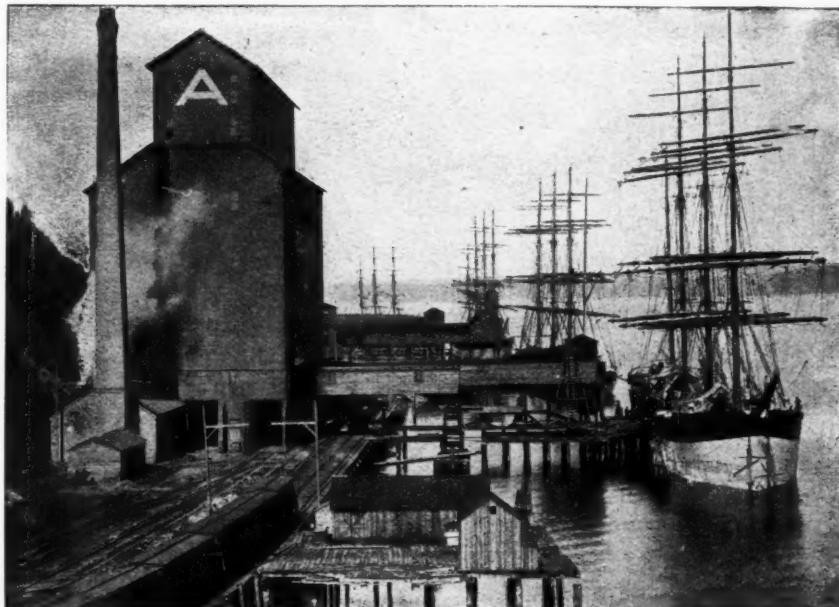
The application of steam to long voyages was the indirect cause of the opening of Japan, and it was not long after the American flag was hoisted at Yokohama that the monthly steamships of the Pacific Mail Steamship Co., huge side-wheelers, established connection across the Pacific ocean.

It is ancient history now how American shipping competed successfully with that of Great Britain before the Civil war closed a period of which the United States may well be proud. Several British writers have dilated upon the fact that after the discovery of gold in California, the competition for the American clipper in the Chinese trade bade fair to drive British carrying trade from the ocean. The Civil war, however, interfered with this department of commerce, and finally destroyed it.

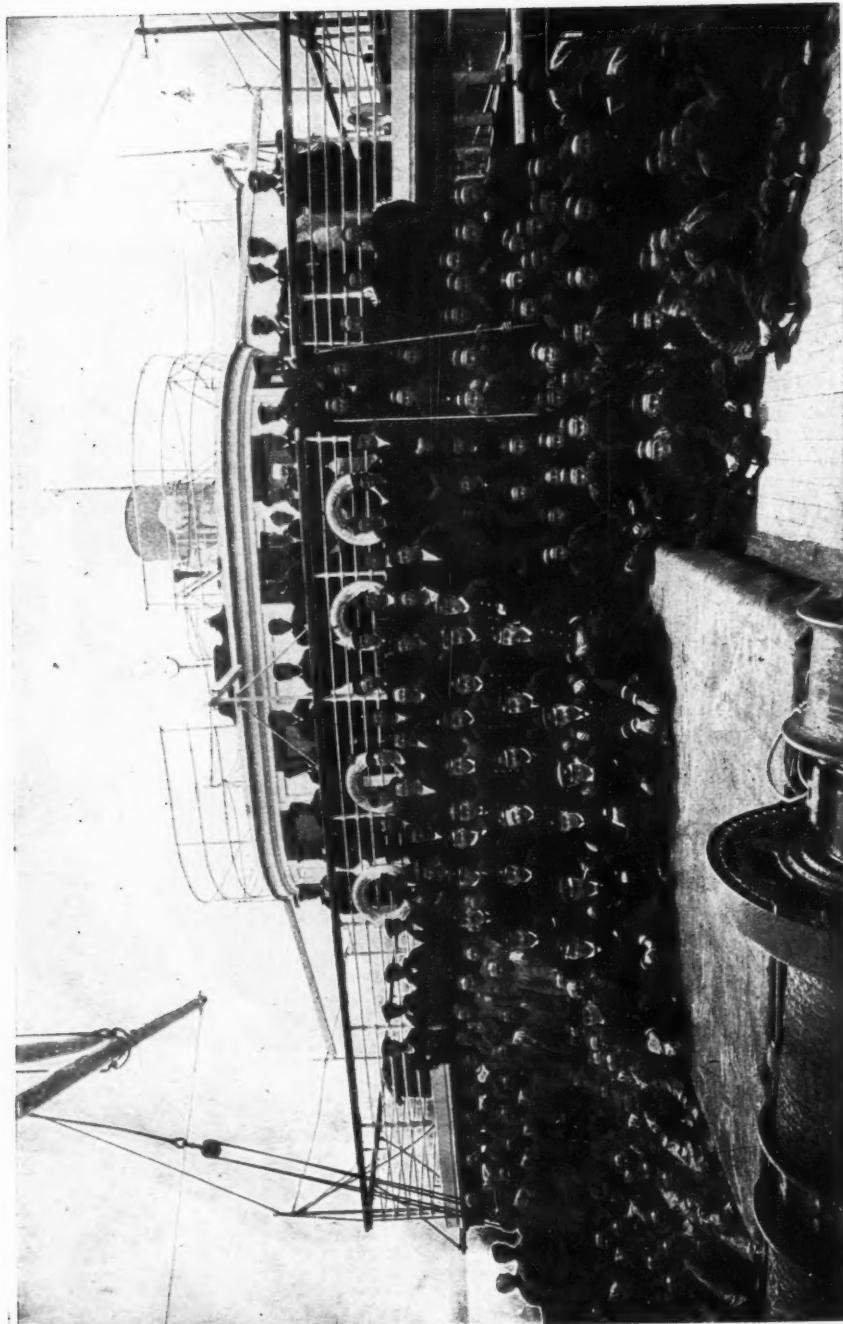
For many years, indeed, until almost within a decade, the Pacific Mail eked out a miserable existence, especially since the Southern Pacific had entered into competition by establishing the Occidental and Oriental Steamship Co. as a feeder to its line. Prior to the Chinese Exclusion Act,

the carrying of Celestial immigrants was the main resource, and I remember well that on the first run of the old Oceanic, in June 1875, when I was one of the passengers, the ship carried about 780 of them in the Chinese steerage. That resource lost, there remained only the tea and silk coming from China and Japan; but the season for shipping that produce is short, and the dividends were proportionately slim.

The American manufacturer and merchant, kept busy by the home trade with which he is familiar, gave no thought to the markets across the Pacific. The princely house of Russell & Co., which made fortunes for many a Bostonian, liquidated at Shanghai, and another old Chinese firm, Augustine Heard & Co., failed. There remained the China and Japan Trading Co., which until the American Trading Co. appeared upon the field, was, I think, the only American importer in China. It was through this firm that the Standard Oil Co. established a market on the east Pacific coast.



Loading Wheat for Oriental Ports at Tacoma, Wash.



Officers and Crew of a Trans-Pacific Liner

In Japan the commercial spirit of the United States was better represented. The first American firms to establish at Yokohama, came from China, and when the first building lots were sold, Walsh Hall & Co., secured No. 1. Augustine Heard & Co., Frazar & Co., C. A. Low & Co., Macondray & Co., were strong houses, some of which are still in existence. Most of these dealt in tea and silk, although there were several firms trading only in the latter commodity. A. A. Vantine & Co. were among the first to make a business of exporting anything Japanese, that is, porcelain and what is generally known as curios. That firm is still the heaviest purchaser of Japanese goods, manufacturing rugs for the American market at Sakai, near Osaka, and China ware at Nagoya.

The general depression beginning at the time when the World's Fair opened at Chicago, caused American manufacturers to look for an outlet in the far East. Among the first was Baldwin Locomotive Works of Philadelphia, Pa., and the rare success achieved by that firm illustrates the best method of introducing American manufacturers into a new field. The representative selected was Capt. W. H. Crawford, who introduced his firm's engines into Brazil, South Africa and the Holy Land. Taking a locomotive built for mountain work with him, he landed at Yokohama and lost no time in calling upon Mr. Matsumoto, the Director of Imperial Railways, whose attention he drew upon the superior qualities of the American locomotive. It happened that Mr. Trevithick, the director of the rolling stock, a British gentleman who had been with the roads since 1871, when the Yokohama-Tokyo line was constructed, was present at the interview, and when he heard Capt. Crawford's statements, he muttered something that sounded like Yankee bragging. Capt. Crawford turned toward him and, measuring him from head to foot, said:

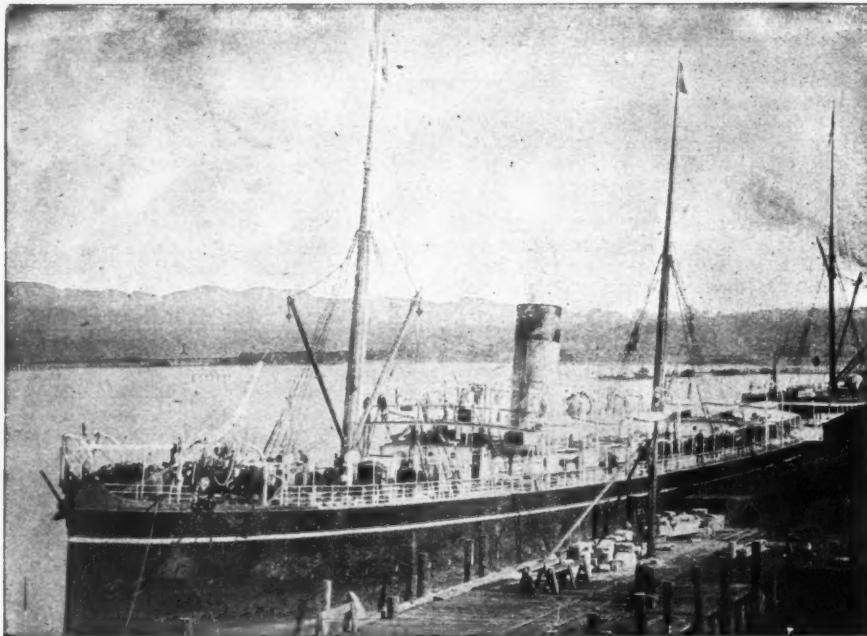
"Well, Mr. Matsumoto, suppose we try some of that Yankee bragging. Give me the steepest grade on your road, and if my engine does not pull a greater number of loaded cars, in better time and with less

consumption of coal,—why, I will make you a present of the engine." Neither Mr. Matsumoto nor Trevithick knew that the locomotive was constructed for heavy grade work, and Crawford did not intend to give them that information. Matsumoto laughed and said to Trevithick: "That is a fair offer, and we will let him show what he can do on the Gotemba grade." This grade, twenty-seven miles long, is in the Hakone mountains, not far from Fujiyama. The trial came off in due time, and the American locomotive came out victorious. I understand that the firm sold about 300 locomotives to Japan during the time of the depression, and I think it a pity and an error that the market has been relinquished owing to pressure of home orders.

British firms in the Orient were among the first to see that American goods must in the course of events find a market in China. It is several years since the great



Ocean Going Vessels Awaiting Cargoes at a Puget Sound Port



One of the Great Steamships Plying Between Puget Sound and Oriental Ports

firm of Jardine Matheson & Co. established a branch office in Wall street, and at once engaged in exporting American cottons. Other houses followed and the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, the largest financial institution in the Far East, found it to its interest to establish offices in New York City and in San Francisco, Cal. It is only since we came into possession of the Philippine Islands that American financiers have established a bank there and in the principal ports of China; but it will be years before they will be able to overcome the prestige gained by the British banks, and only by adopting the liberal methods of those institutions. The German and French banks in the Far East find very little patronage even among their fellow countrymen, owing to the fact that they will not, or cannot, change the methods pursued at home.

There seems to be little interest taken in the Far East among the manufacturers of the eastern states at this time, since the home supplies demand all their attention. It is, as said before, a pity and a wrong, for, when the periodical depression, always succeeding great prosperity, does come, it will take time and money to recover the lost ground. It is, however, different in the Pacific coast states. There the manufacturer and merchant consider very justly, that across the Pacific a growing and very valuable outlet for their surplus is found.

It is almost thirty years ago since the

Davis brothers, owners of the Golden Gate Flouring Mills at San Francisco, began to ship flour to Hongkong from San Francisco. It is now several years since the leading millers of California combined under the name of the Sperry Flour Milling Co. and a short time later, The Portland Flouring Mills, of which T. B. Wilcox is the president, entered the same field. The lack of exports from the United States to China and Japan enabled the millers to establish their own freight rates, and I am authoritatively informed that flour was shipped from Portland to Hongkong via San Francisco at the rate of \$4 per ton. The trade grew until it assumed immense proportions, the sale of the Portland Mills in Hongkong alone, approximating 180,000 tons in one year. In 1890 the Canadian Pacific entered into competition in the trans-Pacific carrying trade, and a short time later the Northern Pacific Railway established connection with Messrs. Dodwell Carlill & Co's, now Dodwell & Co., Ltd.—, line of steamers. In 1895 the Great Northern entered upon the field through a steamship line established by Samuel Samuel & Co., running to Portland, Ore., but this line was absorbed by Dodwell & Co., Ltd., after the Great Northern Railway had entered into a traffic arrangement with the Nippon Yusen Kaisha or Japan Mail Steamship Co. At present those steamers run every fourteen days, making the passage in about two weeks, or about five days less

than the time consumed by the San Francisco boats.

American export trade, so far as the Pacific is concerned, and with the exception of flour and cotton, may be said to be in its infancy. The balance of trade between two nations is, however, a safe gauge by which to make forecasts of the future, and it indicates that American trade must grow. In Japan, the bulk of tea is sold to the United States and Canada, England and Continental Europe preferring the Ceylon and India teas. A very large proportion of the silk also goes to America, indeed, the United States is by long odds the best consumer of Japan. For many years Japanese goods were shipped from Japanese ports to New York and thence distributed throughout the United States, as far as the Pacific coast, thus paying twice the expense of trans-continental freight. At present there are several importers on the Pacific coast and, I understand, several Seattle wholesalers are now importing directly.

It must be understood that no export trade can be built up unless there is a corresponding import business; in other words, commodities sold abroad, must be paid for, as near as possible in the productions of the country. Great Britain perhaps more than any other country concerned in the support of its export business, built up its trade with China by encouraging the Chinese in every way imaginable to prepare goods for the British markets. If, then the United States or its Pacific coast states would look for customers across the Pacific, they must be prepared to purchase in return such goods as are produced there.

The principal articles exported from China and Japan are, as we know, silk, tea, porcelain and matting or strawbraid, in the order named. But China and Japan

constitute by no means the entire market of the Far East, although both, and especially the former, will prove growing customers for wheat and flour. Siam and French Indo-China, although now purchasing several Pacific coast products, especially preserved fruit, will not be any heavy consumers, since the natives are too poor to indulge in luxuries, and because France has built a wall of protection around its far eastern possessions. But the Malay Peninsula and Netherlands India constitute a fair field for commercial enterprise.

In Singapore American flour is imported chiefly from Hongkong, a good deal being purloined at the wharf, for of all expert thieves command me to the Malay. The following statement covering 1901 was prepared for me by one of the leading merchants at that port:

Importation of flour, 1901—

There are several movements on foot to further regular communication between Batavia, Netherlands India, and the Pacific coast, but the time seems not quite ripe. As soon, however, as the rush in the home market ceases, and a surplus of manufactures demands a new outlet, such a steamship line will be imperatively demanded. The opportunities for American manufacturers are so great, especially in the Island Empire referred to in my sixth article, that it will well pay to consult its demands.

With the settlement of the Far West, now fervently advocated and encouraged by our far-sighted railway managers, a new empire is springing up, and it will be the young and vigorous communities there that will make the effort and reap the benefit of those markets. Our civilization has moved constantly westward, and that movement will continue until its very vortex has reached the shores of the Pacific.



## THE ENCHANTRESS

Have you not seen the witch today

Go dancing through the misty woods,  
Her mad young beauty hid beneath  
A tattered gown of crimson buds?

She glinted through the alder-swamp,  
And loitered by the willow stream,  
Then vanished down the wood-road dim,  
With bare brown throat and eyes  
a-dream.

The wild white cherry is her flower,

Her bird the flame-white oriole;  
She comes with freedom and with peace,  
And glad temerities of soul.

Her lover is the great Blue Ghost,  
Who broods upon the world at noon,  
And woos her wonder to his will  
As setting of the frail new moon.

BLISS CARMAN



JUST JAPANESE BABIES

The above photograph is supposed to represent the number of babies born  
in one city of Japan during one year

## THE FEUDIST AND THE SHANGHAI

By KALVIN JOHNSTON

Lafe Scoles and Phil Harmon lived on adjoining farms in the neighborhood of the Forks, a rural locality, where a country church served as a landmark.

They were implacable foes, ordinarily, to hear them talk to each other. Threats of bodily violence, however, never reached the point of bloodshed and the law-suits which were always in the air managed to confine themselves to that element. During periods of truce, which were not of infrequent occurrence, the two men neighbored after a fashion. Their women folks were constant friends.

A figure of Lafe's barnyard was a patriarchal rooster. By some means he had managed to escape the common fate of his kind, reaching a stage of life where the thought of eating him, or even expecting such a thing of townsfolks, would have been considered preposterous. His legs were as hard and juiceless looking as sticks, his wattles were shriveled with time and his breastbone would have probably resisted a sledge-hammer.

He was a lusty fowl in his proportions and still bore traces of former knightliness, but the fact was none the less evident that he had seen his day. Snubbed by the hens and beaten off by younger rivals, he assumed the dignity of fallen grandeur by withdrawing himself largely from their society and became a bird of solitary habits.

Among the powers that he retained was that of a good digestion, which was never forced to wait on appetite. As the latter found scant means of satisfaction when his range of foraging conflicted with that of the flock, he allowed it to marshal off to the fields in the mornings without him and confined his operations mainly to the door yard.

Presuming upon that sympathy which one in his injured state sometimes finds with an alien species, and seemingly confident that he was destined to die none but a natural death, he became very tame. His advances when hungry, which was his normal condition, were received with some encouragement by the members of the household.

He was fed from their hands and when this attention was not forthcoming he would take advantage of an open door to walk solemnly into the kitchen, with heavy, scratchy footsteps, giving an inquiring cluck and throwing his head from side to side, to take in the prospects. On one or two occasions he had made bold

to help himself, when a freshly-baked pie or a plate of cookies had been set outside the oven to cool.

His immense size, coupled with the short period of time he would stay "shooed," caused a constant danger of stumbling over him. He grew to be a downright nuisance, but the frequent threats of wringing his neck came to naught and his familiarity increased daily.

Late one afternoon Lafe had arrived home from town in anything but a pleasant mood. A ditch proceedings in which Phil Harmon had been one of the jurors, laid him open to a heavy assessment. Naturally, he blamed his neighbor with the entire action, ignoring its evident justice and the fact that he, himself, was one of the original petitioners for the improvement.

Before starting for home Lafe had stepped into Tom Moore's drug store, to get some medicine of which he felt himself in need. Now in the midst of his preparations for taking a dose he proceeded to air his grievance, winding up with one of his customary threats, "I'll git even with Phil Harmon 'fore I'm much older, or know the reason why, if I have to take it out of his hide."

The medicine was in the form of capsules and Lafe left the open box on a chair by the kitchen door, while he stepped into the pantry for a glass of water. When he returned the rooster, which had been looking on expectantly, was greedily swallowing the bits of gelatin. He re-treated hastily to the dooryard before Lafe's wild cry.

"Well, if that blamed shanghai ain't gone and took my rheumatism medicine," exclaimed Lafe; "if it don't kill him I will."

An examination of the box showed that six capsules out of an original dozen remained. Lafe's wrath over the theft was mingled with curiosity as to what effect the dose would have on the rooster. The potency of the remedy was soon manifest. It took the form of a twitching of the muscles of the legs. At first the fowl began a stately cakewalk, ludicrous enough to provoke a loud "Haw! haw!" from Lafe, who had taken a seat on the doorstep to watch developments. As the drug gained firmer hold the movements were accelerated and it was not long before the rooster was doing a regular breakdown, accompanied by much running to and fro and futile attempts to stop and rest.

Lafe laughed until forced to hold his sides. A group of hens that were passing paused and looked on curiously. "Choose yer pardners fer the quadrille," yelled Lafe; "alaman left, balance all." In his younger days, before joining church, he had been something of a dancer himself.

Strange to say, the spectacle was not particularly distressing from a humanitarian standpoint. The shanghai carried himself with a grace and dignity that did him credit and which, excepting his evident desire for an occasional intermission, gave the impression that he was half enjoying it.

"It's too bad there ain't no music," chuckled Lafe, wiping the tears from his eyes. "For half a cent I'd go and git out my old fiddle, if I knowned just where to lay hands on it." A sudden thought struck Lafe and his countenance grew serious.

"I wonder if Tom Moore expected me to do any o' that, with my rheumatism," he pondered. "I'd be willin' to bet most anything," he added, his mood growing more suspicious, "that Phil Harmon fixed it up with him to play a trick on me; they're such clost friends."

By this time the other members of the family had been attracted to the scene and from that on till dark the old shanghai was an object of great interest, not to say sympathy, on the part of the women folks, at least. The latter sentiment was shared in by Lafe after the novelty of the show had worn off and found expression when one of the children, who had gone out to take a final look about bedtime, reported that the rooster was still at it.

"I hate to think o' him out there alone, hoin' it down maybe all night, if he lasts that long," observed Lafe. "Just wait till I git hold o' Tom Moore, I'll make him smart fer this."

Morning found the shanghai, not cold in death, but strutting sedately about the yard, awaiting breakfast, and apparently little the worse for his late experience.

That evening, just before supper, Homer Dean, father-in-law to Tom Moore, who worked about the drug store, came driving up.

"Say Lafe," he exclaimed, as the latter showed himself on the front porch, "did you take any o' that medicine you got yesterday?"

"No, I didn't," angrily rejoined Lafe, "and the first time I git to town I'll settle with Tom—tryin' to git up a shindig with me, and him knowin' I'm a Presbyterian."

"Shindig? I don't know what you're talkin' about, but the medicine wasn't meant for you."

"Sure?"

"Yes; Tom give it to you by mistake."

"Well, that's different," replied Lafe, mollified; "no hard feelin's then, but I

wish Tom could 'a' seen that old shanghai; he'd 'a' died!"

"It was Phil Homer's medicine," broke in the old man, full of the importance of his errand, "and Tom give it to you without knowin' it. He didn't discover it till 'bout two hours ago, when Phil sent in word, I'm takin' him out some more now."

"You don't say," exclaimed Lafe, with aroused interest. "Same kind you give me yesterday?"

"Of course, and here's your right medicine, that Tom sent."

"Let me see Phil's," said Lafe, reaching for both packages. "What's the matter with Phil?" he asked, as he raised the lid and identified the peculiar looking capsules.

"He thinks it's his liver."

"Phil ever take any o' this medicine before?"

"No," replied Homer, "it's a new kind that Tom sent off and got special fer him."

"Who told Phil about the medicine?"

"Nate Peters, that works at the Court House. He heard of it when he was visitin' somewhere last summer."

"Phil ever do anything to Nate?"

"How do I know? What are you drivin' at, anyway?" answered Homer, testily.

"How many does he have to take at once?" persisted Lafe.

"Don't it tell there on the box?" was Homer's reply.

Lafe looked at the lid and read the directions carefully. They were scribbled in lead pencil, "Two after each meal." He remained thoughtful for a moment.

"Anything go with the medicine?" he finally asked, a quizzical expression on his face, "a jewsharp, or anything?"

"Doggone you, Lafe!" exclaimed the old man; "what do you want to be a-botherin' me fer with such fool questions, when I'm in a hurry."

"I was only jokin'," replied Lafe, in a conciliatory tone. "Say, Homer, how's that fer a two-year-old, there in the field?" he asked, knowing his caller's love of talking horse.

"I wouldn't wonder," mused Lafe, fumbling in his pocket, as Homer became absorbed in the colt, "but what Phil needs is exercise, more than anything else, after settin' on that jury."

He drew forth a stump of a lead pencil having a rubber at one end. Homer's back was toward him. Lafe hesitated. Just then the old rooster, apparently in a renewed state of vigor, came chasing a grasshopper around the corner of the house.

"Phil ought to be able to stand it if the shanghai did," observed Lafe to himself; "I guess he'll just have to stand it, anyhow," he added, as he thought of the assessment, and erasing the figure "two," he substituted a "six."

"What was you going to tell me 'bout your old shanghai, Lafe?" asked Homer, noting the huge fowl and now apparently forgetful of his hurry.

"Oh, nothin' much," replied Lafe, who had with difficulty reclaimed his visitor's attention from the colt and seemed anxious to end the interview. "I don't want to keep you no longer; it's 'bout Phil's supper time and he'll be lookin' fer his medicine."

After Lafe had finished his own meal he made a trip to the attic. On his way down he met his wife.

"What in the land are you goin' to do with that old fiddle?" she asked.

"I understand," said Lafe, "there's goin' to be a dance over at Phil Harmon's to-night and Phil ain't made no arrangements yet fer the music. I'm goin' over to help him out."



## THE FOUR WINDS

Wind of the North,  
 Wind of the Northland snows,  
 Wind of the winnowed skies and sharp, clear stars—  
 Blow cold and keen across the naked hills.  
 And crisp the lowland pools with crystal films,  
 And blur the casement with glittering ice,  
 But go not near my love.

Wind of the West,  
 Wind of the few, far clouds,  
 Wind of the gold and crimson sunset lands—  
 Blow fresh and pure across the peaks and plains,  
 And broaden the blue spaces of the heavens,  
 And sway the grasses and the mountain pines,  
 But let my dear one rest.

Wind of the East,  
 Wind of the sunrise seas,  
 Wind of the clinging mists and gray, harsh rains—  
 Blow moist and chill across the wastes of brine,  
 And shut the sun out, and the moon and stars,  
 And lash the boughs against the dripping eaves,  
 Yet keep thou from my love.

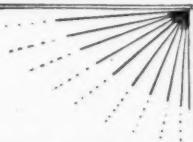
But thou, sweet wind!  
 Wind of the fragrant South,  
 Wind from the bowers of jasmine and of rose—  
 Over magnolia glooms and lilyed lakes,  
 And flowering forests come with dewy wings,  
 And stir the petals at her feet, and kiss  
 The low mound where she lies.



The Late Sol Smith Russell



# PLAYS AND PLAYERS



Sir Henry Irving has given utterance to some sensible and pertinent opinions concerning the employment of children on the stage. In 1894 the British parliament passed a law similar to the one in force in this country making the employing of children on the stage dependent on the obtaining of a license granted by the courts on receiving sufficient proof that the child is in good health. The law has proved satisfactory to all concerned, but recently some eager reformer introduced a bill in the house of commons forbidding the employing of children "in any occupation between the hours of nine in the evening and six in the morning." The theatrical managers of London, seeing the passage of such a bill meant the banishment of all children from the stage, appealed to the standing committee on trade, to whom the bill was referred, and asked that amendments be made so that the provisions of the existing act might be retained. The committee rejected this appeal and reported the bill favorably to the house of commons, where it will be discussed and put to vote. The theater managers of London held a meeting on May 15th at Drury Lane theater to protest against the passage of the new bill. Sir Henry Irving presided, and in the course of the meeting delivered an address which contained among other forcible statements the following: "I see that T. W. Russell said it was monstrous that children of seven and eight years should appear on the stage for the amusement of the public. What is really monstrous is that a rooted hostility to the theater and a gross ignorance of theatrical conditions should be permitted to distort the judgment of a parliamentary committee. We, who are familiar with those conditions, know that a theater bears no manner of resemblance to a factory. Child life in a theater is not child labor. In a theater children are not sweated; they are petted. Life for them is both an education and a recreation. To Mr. Russell it is a shocking thing for a child of seven to be a fairy in Shakespeare; but the child of seven would not exchange that dream of joy for all the gloomy pleasures that appeal to Mr. Russell.

"Moreover, to many a child that fairy-land is the beginning of a professional career. I need not give you the names of all the great artists who have been born on the stage, cradled on the stage, who shocked the T. W. Russells of an earlier day by presenting to a delighted public the spectacle of irresponsible childhood tripping gayly on the boards. Ask Marie Wilton, Madge Robertson and Ellen Terry whether they had a terrible time during their infant apprenticeship—whether they yearned for a Perseus like Mr. Broadhurst to save these little Andromedas from a dragon of a stage manager! These great artists will tell you that they trace back to their earliest years the impressions which have been ~~most~~ valuable to their artistic development. Not that this alone would not be a sufficient argument for the employment of children in theaters if that employment interfered in any degree with their general education, if it stunted their physical growth, if it cast the gloom of uncongenial and unhealthy toil upon their young souls.

"But everybody who has any knowledge of the theater, and whose mind is free from cant and intolerance, knows that the employment of children produces none of these dire results. The bill before parliament ignores the real issue; it proceeds upon the assumption that a child of seven or eight suffers positive harm from work in a theater, whereas any experience shows the reverse to be the truth. And if, for the sake of a cast iron uniformity, this absurd interdict is put upon such employment, a large number of poor little children will be cut off from the chief joy of their lives—banished from their fairy-land to the street, and many a humble home will be impoverished by the loss of the salaries so cheerfully, so beneficially earned by the small breadwinners. Against such blundering legislation we enter an emphatic protest. It will do no manner of good to the children; it cannot give them any opportunities of education they do not already possess. So far from securing to them a measure of comfort and happiness, it will destroy both, and instead of protecting their tender age against hardships, it will deprive many of them of the only friends they have in the world."



Ethel Barrymore

Everybody acquainted with Nat Goodwin knows that he is not averse to playing practical jokes of a harmless but highly humorous nature. Even his passion for tragedy and his ambition to wear the mantle which once adorned Booth's shoulders have no effect upon the actor who has caused more laughter than tears, more smiles than shudders.

The practical joke he played on Digby Bell was perhaps his masterpiece, and one that will long hang upon the walls of Mr. Bell's memory, for, although it was really funny, it gave the victim a shock that nearly shook out his teeth.

The scene of the farce comedy, which, by virtue of its environment and accessories, bore strong resemblance to a tragedy, was in the Turkish baths on Twenty-eighth street in New York. Goodwin and Bell, with some other Thespian, had passed through the various stages of the enjoyable torture, and all, with the exception of Bell, vowed that they felt like giants refreshed. He said he felt weary and faint would woo Nature's sweet restorer. So the bath attendants wrapped a sheet around his plump form and, reclining upon one of the couches, his resonant snores soon gave evidence that old Morpheus had him in his soothing grasp.

In the meantime Goodwin and the others had put on their clothes, fully prepared to go forth into the bright-light dis-

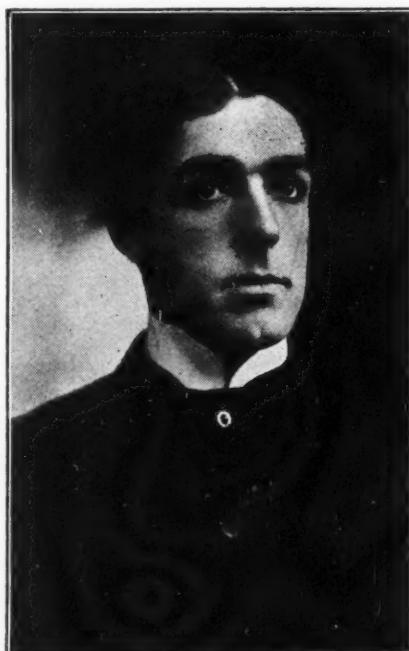
trict and once more engage in the strenuous battle of life. Just as they were about ready to depart they caught sight of Digby Bell, stretched out upon his back, completely enshrouded with a sheet. As he lay there calmly reposing, with a seraphic smile on his face, he looked as if he were in his last sleep, waiting for the sky-splitting toot of Gabriel's horn. Goodwin earnestly gazed at the innocent face of the sleeping comedian and then exclaimed:

"Say, boys, I've got an idea. Just wait here a few minutes. I'll be back soon."

Then he darted out of the door. Soon he returned with two large packages. One of them contained a big wreath of immortelles, in the center of which were the floral words "At Rest." In the other bundle were two pint bottles of champagne. Goodwin carefully placed the wreath upon the ample chest of the sleeping actor and gently tucked a bottle of wine under each of Bell's arms. Then he said to his companions:

"Now, let's make a racket and wake the sleeper."

So they stamped their feet, coughed and whistled, until Bell's eyelids began to tremble, indicating that he was emerging from his temporary state of repose. The room was in semi-darkness, and the subdued light was a sort of semi-religious nature, although the spectators were not. With a yawn that would have aroused the



William Faversham

envy of a hippopotamus Bell opened his eyes. He looked around, and, for a moment, fancied he was in the land of dyspepsia. Suddenly he caught sight of the wreath. Rising to a sitting posture, he seized the memorial token and read the touching inscription.

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated, as the cold sweat stood out on his brow in beads, "I must be dead!"

Miss Virginia Harned is a loyal American, and has three rooms of her New York home named for three states, in which she spent the greater portion of her life. These are Virginia, Maryland and New York. She was born in Massachusetts, but resided there with her parents but a few months, after which they went abroad, and there she remained until she was about nineteen years of age, completing her education in Paris. Upon her return to the United States she went upon the stage, and has met with unusual success.

Miss Harned will again present "Iris" during the next dramatic season, a tour for her through the West and to the Pacific Coast having been arranged some months since. During her present season she has visited but two cities in the West, St. Louis and Chicago, therefore she expects to visit all of that section of the country between the Mississippi and the Pacific Coast and from the Canadian frontier to the Gulf, thus embracing the Middle West, the far West and the extreme North and the extreme South.

Miss Harned takes a deep interest in nearly all public events of the day. She keeps herself remarkably well posted on the politics of the day. She reads all of the political news and has an excellent newspaper acquaintance, at least with all of the public men prominent in American politics. Not being entitled to a vote, it is not known what her politics are, if she has any. Miss Harned has the distinction of having had a race horse, a six-toed pickaninny, and a small steamboat on the James River named in her honor.

People generally are given to "wondering things" where stage folks are concerned. They wonder whether they are married or single, what their really, truly names are, where they come from and what their nationality happens to be; how old they are and how they came to adopt a stage career, whether they ever had the measles, and whether their vaccination took.

Thousands have wondered why Virginia Harned, when she married E. H. Sothern, did not change her name on the bill boards, as well as on the marriage license. Last week Virginia explained.

"It is because, my dear friend," she told the last inquirer, "I do not wish to be known as a railroad. I have trouble enough now."

"A railroad?" queried the friend.

"Yes. You see there are already the Kansas Southern, the Canadian Southern, the Georgia Southern and the Texas Southern—I don't think there is any need of a Virginia Sothern, do you?"

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Barrett once went into a strange place in 'Frisco to get shaved and the barber was very talkative. He told Barrett that he could read a man's occupation by the shape of his head and the texture of his skin, and all that. Not a word from Barrett. Finally the barber offered to bet that the man he had shaved before Barrett took the chair was a justice of the supreme court; and he proved that he was by the testimony of one of the other barbers.

That was too much for Barrett. He said: "Possibly you can tell me what my calling is?"

"Easy," said the barber, examining the head and chin and cheeks of Barrett.

"Well, what is it?" inquired Barrett. The barber put his head back on the rest and said:

"Shoe store."

One can readily imagine the result in the case of the dignified tragedian.

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"Dolly Varden," Mr. Whitney's beautiful light opera, which has proven such a great success for the past two years, will open next season with Miss Lulu Glaser as the star. "Dolly Varden" has proven such a novelty in the field of light opera on account of its freedom from vulgarity, its interesting story, and the pretty, pure love sentiment that pervades it, that it is liable to outlast the life of the average comic opera. Since "Dolly Varden" was first produced a year ago last September, it has played five engagements in Greater New York, the most memorable of which was the six months' run at the Herald Square theater. In fact so much of "Dolly Varden's" time has been demanded by Eastern managers that Mr. Whitney has resolved that during the coming season the people of the Middle West and of the Pacific Coast should see the pretty opera. So the tour will begin the middle of September in Montreal and continue westward to the Puget Sound country by the Northern route. Then the company will go to San Francisco and Southern California, and thence back eastward via Salt Lake, Denver, Kansas City and St. Louis. Mr. Whitney is at the present time organizing Miss Glaser's company, and it will be much stronger than ever before.

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Maude Adams has returned home. After spending two weeks in London, where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Barrie, Miss Adams and her party left for Egypt last March, crossed the desert with



Mrs. Patrick Campbell

a caravan, and, returning to Cairo, lived in a tent for several weeks near the Pyramids. She spent in all nearly six weeks in Egypt.

She then moved to the Holy Land, making her headquarters in Jerusalem, and exploring the sacred places nearby. She has enjoyed perfect health while abroad, and is returning home without a trace of the illness which prevented her from playing last season.

The plans for her coming season were definitely perfected by Miss Adams and Charles Frohman in London before she sailed for home.

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Louis James and Frederick Warde will not appear in Shakespearian roles next season, as has been their time-honored custom, but in an entirely new play written by Collin Kemper and Rupert Hughes, and based upon the life of Alexander the Great. Plans for the new play were formed more than a year ago, the first draft having been completed in April, 1902.

"Alexander the Great," which is the title of the new play, has been framed solely with Mr. James and Mr. Warde in view; but for all that, historical data has been followed with more or less fidelity. The title role will fall to Mr. James, and Mr. Warde will appear as Perdiccas, a character which, in its relation to the

main theme of the play, may be likened to that of Iago. The difficulties in so constructing the play that each of these well known players should appeal to their respective individual following in an absolutely distinctive manner were very great; but the authors are confident that this much-desired end has been attained. The subject is said to have been handled with due regard to classic traditions, and every opportunity has been seized to make it entertaining from a pictorial standpoint. It will involve a massive production and a very large acting company. The new play will be given its first production in Chicago.

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Richard Harding Davis, who recently went abroad to look over the field of trouble in Southeastern Europe, and returned recently, speaking of his playwriting labors, which will in the future, so he has declared, take up most of his time, said that he had translated for Charles Frohman a one-act French play by Andre du Lord, under the title of "The System of Dr. Goodrun." He said further that he should go at once to Marion to work on a new play of military life that he is writing, also for Charles Frohman. This play has not yet been named. When Mr. Davis was asked why he left the Balkan States so soon, he replied, "Because the Balkans refused to balk." He should have waited.



William H. Crane

## THE FINDING OF EDWARDS

By FRANK D. FABER

In the September of 1897 a well-dressed stranger registered at the Bodkin House, at Darkwood, in the name of H. C. Henderson.

It was understood that he had arrived from the East for a fortnight's shooting. He was genial, as well as gentlemanly, but not very communicative. The landlord saw little of him, indeed, for he was out till late each of the first three days, in a rig hired from the village livery stable. The fourth day he hired the rig as usual, but did not return. He had disappeared.

There was, of course, a small sensation, which increased when, after two days, the horse—a stylish animal—returned, late at night, without buggy or harness. No one appeared to know what direction the stranger had gone, and on inquiry, not a single person would testify to having seen either the rig passing or the horse returning alone.

The livery stable keeper searched the country thoroughly for miles around, but could find no trace of his buggy. An advertisement ran in the local papers for months, but only resulted in raising ridicule.

No one at that time looked on the affair seriously, if we except the two men who had to stand a loss. It was generally thought, that H. C. Henderson was a man quite able to take care of himself, and was probably repeating the same confidence game elsewhere.

In the meantime, however, search was being made for a gentleman, called H. C. Edwards, who had disappeared, during his vacation, from a large Eastern city. When his return was due at the well-known bank where he was paying teller, strict inquiries were made as to his movements, and an investigation begun for any possible delinquency which might account for his absence. Not the slightest cause could be discovered, however. He had gone West, and disappeared—that was all.

After reading these facts, it will appear to a reasoning mind, that H. C. Henderson was really Edwards; but the news of the incident at Darkwood did not reach those who were so anxiously inquiring for Edwards, and vice-versa; so the two parties were unable to assist one another. It was not until April of the following year that the attention of one Nicholas Trigg was attracted by this advertisement in a Western paper:

"Any one producing information leading to the discovery of H. C. Edwards,

who disappeared during September, 1897, will be handsomely rewarded. Box 701, Toronto."

Being a natural detective, as well as by profession, he had the faculty of treasuring any items that showed promise of development, and he remembered a disappearance coinciding as to date. In his pocket-book he found pasted a paragraph detailing Henderson's case at Darkwood. While, cautiously, placing no undue stress on the identity of the missing parties, he wrote for further particulars, and learned that the reward was the nice little sum of \$500.

Then he secured a fortnight's holiday, with the additional zest of an interesting object in view.

In April, 1898, a second stranger arrived at the Bodkin House, at Darkwood.

It was growing dusk when he got off the evening train, and there were only a few loungers around.

When he had registered his name, the landlord turned the book carelessly towards the light, with only the slightest interest in his new guest.

Why did he start so suddenly and lean forward as if he saw a ghost?

This stranger also had written his name H. C. Henderson.

Instantly John Bodkin began to pay a remarkable interest in the guest, who received the attention with the utmost indifference. Bodkin positively could hardly take his eyes off the stranger, and kept the dining room door open during supper, so as to witness his every action. The man did not vanish, however, and exhibited nothing more discreditable than a voracious appetite. But Bodkin was not to be deceived by appearances. He sent for Schroder, the livery man.

"See that man?" he whispered.

"Chap with hooky nose?" replied Schroder. "Who's he?"

Bodkin pointed dramatically at the name in the register.

"Aw, go on!" said Schroder, in disgust. "Who's being fooled now?"

"I thought it—wasn't—him," said Bodkin with a sigh.

"Wasn't who?" asked a third voice over Schroder's shoulder. The hooky-nosed stranger had stepped up with a noiseless stride.

"Good—good evening!" said Schroder.

"Why, we're talking about a man, sir," said Bodkin ambiguously.

"So I understood," said Henderson the Second.

"A man of the same name as yours, sir."

"And with the same letters before his name," added Schroder, "an' he disappeared."

"Oh! Well, I'm here all right. What'll y' take?"

"Whisky's mine," said Schroder, with the perfect precision of practice.

"Have something yourself, Mr. Bodkin?"

"Thanks. Any relation, sir, of the other Henderson?"

"I have no relations of the name, and I can offer you nothing but sympathy. When did this man disappear?"

"Last September," replied Bodkin. "He got clean away with Schroder's buggy and his owner's grip."

"Team of horses?" asked Henderson.

"Naw," said Schroder, "single driver, an' it comes back alone with part of the harness."

"You don't suspect he carried the buggy away on his back?"

"Dunno. Buggy's gone anyway. Wot d'yer think yerself?"

"Bottom of the river perhaps—or somewhere else," said Henderson, cautiously. "Guess I'll go out for a shot at the ducks to-morrow, if I can borrow a gun."

Bodkin and Schroder looked at each other. Henderson the second smiled upon them benignly, holding his long nose caressingly between finger and thumb.

When Henderson the second presented himself at the livery stable early in the morning, Schroder was prepared for him. "Sorry, I ain't got a rig to hire, but that's how it is."

"Too bad. Who owns all these horses and the buggies in the shed?"

"Some's mine," said Schroder, "but I expect to have all engaged by'n'bye."

"Well, I'll take one now, and pay you in advance, if you feel that way."

"That's so, mister, an' if you want to go alone, I'll tell you how I feel. I'd like to feel the value of the horse an' rig till you turn up safe. See? You must allow I'm only talking sense."

"I'll allow you're talking through your hat," said Henderson. "Give me anything on two wheels and that single driver that came back without the buggy."

"Spose I don't hev to, 'spec'ally to a man of your name."

"Depends on the way you look at it. It may be to your advantage, and my name may not be Henderson."

"Say, what d'yer mean, mister?"

"This. Henderson's as good as any other for the purpose, but my name's Trigg. Ever heard it before?"

"Not Detective Nick Trigg?"

"You've got it. Must be inside of things. Now put that horse on a light cart."

"Certainly, Mr. Trigg."

"And my name's Henderson again, if you please. Trigg might spoil business."

Schroder hitched up the little driving horse with lightning celerity, while Detective Trigg looked on critically, finger-ing his nose.

"Where did you get him?" said Trigg.

"Picked him up cheap, off a man called Casper, eight miles east. He's as tough as whalebone—the horse is; an' the man was a tough piece too. He skipped out."

"Climate too warm, eh?"

"I guess. He batched alone in the bush, an' I've heard tell he made whisky, but he cleared out about end of last Sep-tember."

"H'm! Well—good morning."

"So long, Mr. Henderson. You'll find Pete can go above a bit."

"He can go to please himself," replied Trigg; "I'm not out for speed."

"Haw! D'y'e know, I'm scared of you still. That's much as t'other man says. He says: 'The horse can take his own road to find chickens.'"

"Very sensible," said Trigg. "Get up, Pete!"

He turned the horse's head east, and shook the lines lightly.

"You found the chickens all right, I guess, Pete," he muttered; "and, if I'm not mistaken, those chickens were called Casper!"

When he had gone about two miles, Trigg viewed the road before him branching into three; and he felt that here was a point to test his theory, that the horse would instinctively take the direction that led to Casper's, and the road that he suspected Henderson to have gone.

"Now, Pete old boy," he said, "go ahead wherever you please. You know a lot more than those chumps in Darkwood, and I think you know a good deal that I can only guess at. If you could talk, you might tell something interesting about Casper and Henderson. What are you up to?"

The horse had jerked his nose up, possibly to see if there was any guiding touch on the reins. Finding he was at liberty to choose, he very deliberately picked a mouthful of dry grass, and turned sharply into the left trail.

"Right, Pete, if you say so," said Trigg encouragingly. "I'm with you, whatever turns up."

And Pete, as if understanding, set off at a steady trot.

The land was wild and uncultivated. Large poplar had been thinned out here and there, but saplings, mingled with scrub oak and red willow, grew close on either hand. Now, round a turn, he came on a natural clearing of some extent, where a bright small boy, on a subdued broncho, was lazily herding a score of cattle.

"Say, Johnny, does this road lead anywhere?"

"No. Nowheres in partickler. Where you going?"

"That's the very place I was bound for. Who owns the cattle?"

"Dad. My name's Flynn. We live through there a mile. Are you buying?"

"Not just now. If I was, I'd take chances on these. Any one with half an eye can see what they are. There's blood in 'em, too."

"You bet!" replied the boy, flattered with such praise of his herd. Trigg had not stated that most cattle have a supply of that fluid so dear to the taste of mosquitos.

"What's this trail meant for anyway?" he asked.

"I don't say as no one lives along it," explained the boy. "There's a half crazy fellow from Chee-cago, they say, living next to John Dutch's old place."

"That's all the road's meant for, eh?" said the detective, disappointingly.

"Yep—an' for folk to get astray on."

"Ever heard of a man called Casper?"

"Naw. Not round here. What's he like?"

"Never saw him," said Trigg, "but I'd like to."

"Oh, say!" exclaimed the boy, with a flash of memory. "I'll bet it's John Dutch! He had another name, but we always called him Dutch. He's gone. The police got after him for something."

"Good boy. I like to hear you talk. Perhaps you know this crazy fellow's name, too?"

"He calls himself Clay. Dad met him one day, but didn't think a deal of him. Told me to keep away if I saw him. He's queer, you know."

"I like queer people myself," said Trigg. "I'll look out for Mr. Clay. What's your name?"

"Jack Flynn, sir."

"All right. Perhaps Clay may be an old friend of mine. If he is I'll give you something—a dandy saddle, eh? If he's not, there's no saddle, see?"

"Clay's shack's about two miles on the left, but I tell you I'd be scared to go there. They say he lives all alone and shoots ducks."

"Well, I'm not a duck. Ever see a horse like this, running loose hereabouts last fall?"

"Nop. I herded the other side the bush then. If I had, I'd a-roped him in, you bet."

"So long then," said Trigg, "and if you see Clay coming, just you scoot like fun."

"I'll git moving anyway," said the boy.

Detective Trigg gave the horse a free rein again, and the animal began to move over the ground at a good rate. The bush ran so close to the trail that often the driver was forced to duck his head and

lift aside overgrowing branches. Suddenly the horse snorted with terror, and took a side jump that made the shafts crack like a pistol shot.

"Wo-ho, Pete!" said Trigg. "What did you see or smell, old fellow? A track on the grass, eh? Wonder if it was made by human feet? We'll be back by the same road, I guess, and you're on another scent now. Go ahead!"

Pete shook his head, as if in response, and almost before Trigg was aware had turned down a grass-grown trail that seemed to lead right into the thick of the scrub.

"Is this Casper's, now, or crazy Clay's?" thought the detective.

The horse trotted, with a neigh, into a space clear of all except a ruined log house and a giant growth of weeds, that almost hid its one window.

Trigg jumped down and fastened Pete to a post. He pushed aside the weeds and looked in at the window. The sun, shining through a chink in the roof, showed that the floor was bare of any articles except a piece of rotting sacking. He tried the door, of which the top hinge was gone, and it opened with a groan, as it scraped on the swollen boards. There was only the one room. He raised the cellar flap, and striking a match, lay on the floor and glanced below. The cellar also was empty.

"Have you found anything?" said a low, clear voice.

Trigg was a brave man, but if he was ever really afraid in his life it was at that instant. A voice, in that solitude, was fearful, and there was a menace in every word.

He sat up and steadied himself. A tall man was standing in the sunshine at the door, leveling a gun—his own gun—at him.

"Ha-ha!" said Trigg, with an effort at ease. "You're another good fellow, like myself, I see! Mind the gun don't go off, though."

"What are you looking for?" said the man, keeping the gun terribly steady.

"Whisky," said Trigg. "Thought old Casper might have left a dose behind when he skipped."

"What do you know about Casper?" said the man with the gun.

"Me?" said Trigg, considering. "Nothing, except that he skipped. I don't give a cent for Casper. It's the whisky I'm after—ha-ha!—every time."

"You're a liar," said the man.

"Right you are, my laddy buck!" said Trigg, angry and desperate. "I'm lying right along, owing to my conscience being rattled with that gun of yours, and you're lying, too, if you call yourself Clay!"

"Who told you I was called Clay?" said the man, with some confusion.

"That's what you go by," replied Trigg. "I call myself Henderson."

He saw by the contortion of the man's face that he had hit a mark—too squarely perhaps.

"Stand up!" with a voice like a beast's growl.

"What are you going to do about it, Mr. Henderson?" said Trigg, standing up and folding his arms, while he cast one eye around for a chance of escape.

"You think I'm mad?" said Henderson.

Trigg took a good look at him. His wild eyes, hollow, flushed cheeks, matted hair and strange behavior would have decided any one.

"I wish you would prove that you are not," said Trigg in reply. "Why do you keep me here?"

"You're a detective," said Henderson, with a savage smile, "and I'm going—to—make—use—of you. I know your profession by your manner. If you try to escape, I shall shoot you without another word. If you do what I ask you, I shall also shoot you, but your life will be paid for. How much were you to get for my arrest?"

"Nothing. I have neither power nor inclination. Your friends are paying a reward for your discovery, however, and I expect to get \$500 if you are H. C. Edwards."

"I am. Henry Clay Edwards, alias Henderson, alias Clay is my style, if that will please you; but you will never get the reward. You are clever, but I am cleverer with a shotgun on my side. Sign this paper, and I promise faithfully to pay your relatives \$5,000. You die anyway, remember."

Detective Trigg took the paper with a steady hand, and read the following in pencil:

"I hereby certify that I discovered H. C. Edwards on this date, and that he was perfectly sane, and that I shot him by an unfortunate mistake."

"That's absurd," said Trigg coolly.

"You insulting villain!" shouted Edwards. "You hint that I am mad, do you?"

"Keep cool," returned Trigg, with his nose between finger and thumb. "Any one would guess that you had written this—after the unfortunate mistake with the gun, you know—especially as my signature will be different to the rest. Shall I copy it out?"

"I forgot—that's true," said Edwards. "I owe you something for that."

"Don't forget that," said Trigg. "The first part's all right, but I'm not going to shoot you."

"I'll take care of that," said Edwards, "for I shall shoot you, do you understand?"

"Why?"

"For one thing, to make sure of your

silence; and when you are shot and dressed in my clothes you will pass for the remains of H. C. Edwards. I'll tell you the reason for all this."

"Very kind. As I have no choice, I'll copy out this paper and sign it; but with your knowledge of documents, Mr. Edwards, you will be aware, that to make this certificate perfect, I really ought to shoot you."

"You can try," said Edwards, with a flash of the eyes, "but you will only die the sooner yourself."

"I don't wish to hurry the business. Here's your paper signed, and remember you owe me for that."

"I promise you I will not kill you for an hour, except you try to escape. It is twenty-five minutes to eleven now."

Trigg looked at his own watch, and it was only three minutes different.

"That's fair—I mean, all except the murder," he said. "Perhaps you'll allow me to give the horse his oats?"

"You won't need the horse again," replied Edwards, dryly.

"Turn him loose, then, poor beggar," said Trigg, with indignation, "or you can swear I'll die pretty hard! You got one horse before that never turned up! Do you shoot horses, too?"

"I wonder where he went to," said Edwards. "This horse looks very like him."

"Perhaps the owner lied. They call this one Jim."

"If you want the horse loose, unhitch him yourself. I'm holding this gun. Step out!"

Trigg, followed closely by Edwards, approached the horse, but the animal swerved away.

"Stand a little away. He don't like you," said Trigg.

"Guess I scared him back there in the bush," replied Edwards.

"Oh, that was you? Whoa, Jim! Steady, boy! What's scaring you now? Whoa, you brute! He's gone—and the harness on him!"

Pete cantered down the road, snorting. Beside the harness he carried something else. When Trigg went to the far side to unhitch, he had slipped a leaf from his memo-book tightly between a buckle and its strap. The message, "Come to Casper's at once—murder," was on its way. Where?

"I would like to know where he's off to," said Edwards, frowning. "No one uses this road anyway."

"I know I did not meet a single man on the way," replied Trigg, with memory of the boy, Jack Flynn.

"Come into the house—or shall we stay here?"

"Oh, here," replied Trigg; "the house ain't just what a man would choose to spend his last moments in. I'll perch on the seat of the rig, so as you can

get a good aim at me, and then your mind will be easy. Take a position to please yourself I'm going to smoke."

Edwards looked on longingly, as the detective filled and lit his pipe. He began to feel in his own pocket.

"Got a pipe?" said Trigg, throwing across his tobacco. "Fill up. It's all yours when you've potted me. Don't mention it, but that's another you owe me."

"You're pretty cool," said Edwards, "and really I'm sorry to see it. I'd rather you kicked more. I'm going to show you why you must die."

"Go ahead," said Trigg, "but tell no lies. If I've only a short time to live, I don't want to be fooled."

Edwards did not reply. He leaned against the corner of the house, with half closed eyes. The tobacco seemed to have a soothing effect. Detective Trigg, consulting his nose with one hand, puffed a fragrant cloud.

"I want you to believe what I am going to tell you," Edwards began slowly. "I know it doesn't matter, but I'd like to tell one man how it happened. I was brought up to regard any slight departure from certain recognized rules as fatal to character. Being in a bank, my conduct was ordered with extra severity, and I believe I was always considered irreproachable in character. But all the time, I suppose—I know that I was merely repressing hereditary instincts. My great-grandfather killed a man in a moment of fury."

"That's nothing," interrupted Trigg. "I have an aunt who hates cats. I like 'em. Go on to where old Casper fooled you—that's more to the point."

"Casper's dead," said Edwards hoarsely. "I shot him."

"Think so?" said Trigg. "Well, you'll see old Casper walking up pretty lively soon."

Edwards gave a great start.

"Fool!" he said. "You have only a short time to live, and still you tell lies! If Casper was alive, you need not die!"

"Remember that," said Trigg. "As to the time I have to live, that's your fault."

"I tell you, I killed Casper!" continued Edwards fiercely. "I was out shooting here, when I met him. He persuaded me to taste his whisky—stuff he made himself. I drank a deal of it. We quarreled when out driving, and I ordered Casper out of the buggy. He laughed. I jumped out with the gun in my hand. The whisky was burning in my brain, and I felt that I must shoot him. I aimed the gun and fired. He fell forward, and the horse, taking fright, crashed into the bush, carrying Casper in the buggy."

"Don't worry," said Trigg. "Old Casper got out and walked away."

"Lies!" exclaimed Edwards. "I found the buggy. The horse was gone, but the body of Casper was lying on the ground."

"A body," said Trigg. "Remember, if Casper's alive, I'm all right. Who but Casper unharnessed the horse?"

"The horse had broken the harness—I saw that plainly. But one day I met a man just like Casper—the same gray beard—the same shaggy eyebrows—even the same old, rabbit-skin cap. He said his name was Flynn, and I was going to kill him, but he got away—What's that noise?"

"Don't know unless it's my horse coming back. What's the time?"

"Eleven o'clock. Listen! The horse has stopped! Keep still!"

"Don't you threaten me just yet," said Trigg. "If you're a man of your word, I have thirty-five good minutes to live at any rate, and you should be ashamed of yourself, flourishing that gun and smoking my tobacco!"

"Keep still," repeated Edwards hoarsely, throwing his pipe to the ground. "Can you see anything? What?"

"I see—nothing," replied Trigg. "What do you expect?"

"There's—something—there—there, crawling in the weeds!"

"Very likely. Perhaps a dog. Don't shoot!"

"Can't you see from there?" demanded Edwards, with increased excitement.

"I'll stand up," said Trigg. "I see something now. Yes, it is—"

"What—who?"

"Casper!"

A man's head appeared above the tall weeds—a head with gray beard, shaggy eyebrows and old rabbit-skin cap. Edwards pointed the gun with trembling muscles—and fired. But the head had vanished before the report.

The gun was fired again—in the air—as Edwards went to the ground. Nick Trigg had jumped on him like a wildcat.

"Hi! you—Casper, or whoever you are," shouted Trigg, panting but triumphant.

"Darby Flynn's my name," said the head, emerging along with a body. "My boy corralled your hoss, an' I reckoned by the paper there was some devilment."

\* \* \* \* \*

Casper's remains were found not far from the house. Edwards was certified mad, and is now in safe custody. Detective Trigg got the reward; Jack Flynn got a saddle and a bridle; and Darby, being reluctant to part with Pete, Trigg put up part of the purchase money. A good horse should have a good home for his old age; "but Pete will never grow old." Detective Trigg says—"not while Dad Flynn has any hand in fixing his age!"

# RECIPROCITY BUREAU

Club Women—Club Life—Club Etiquette

Edited by Mary Allcot McKusick

The object of these pages shall be to bring the woman's clubs of America into communication for acquaintance and mutual helpfulness. Committees on Reciprocity, Education, Town and Country Improvement, Art, Libraries, Household Economics, Authors' Clubs, and other departments, are invited to tell as often as they like what they have accomplished at home and abroad; and what they desire to accomplish in the future along educational, artistic, altruistic and reformatory lines. Programs, papers and suggestions in club work will be sent upon application to the editor. Also programs, outlines of work, papers or suggestions will be published if sent to the editor.

THE EDITOR.

## EDUCATIONAL WORK OF THE MINNESOTA FEDERATION

The civic and philanthropic work aided or carried on by the Minnesota Federation of Women's Clubs during the last decade has been of great value to the state, still it has accomplished more in the quiet promotion and encouragement of education than in all of its schemes of reform, "though its public undertakings have been wise and in the main successful."

For its work, on the National Park, Forest Reserve, Town and Country Improvement, Traveling Libraries, Art Commission and State Reformatory, coming generations of Minnesota men and women will give thanks, but beyond this is the individual culture, the enlargement of view, the breadth of purpose of our women, gained through study, promoted by the weekly or fortnightly interchange of thought in the literary club.

One of the most remarkable features of society in the last quarter of a century has been the assertion of women. This is the natural outgrowth of her public school and university training.

After having once been introduced into the "substantial world of books," she found it impossible to forego the pleasures of application and the results of her study were naturally expressed in the club. This movement has been styled by the critical a fad, a craze that will soon have had its day like many another ism and pass away, but it has its foundation in a want of the woman who reads and thinks and to my mind, this age sees only its commencement.

Now and then a woman joins a club because her neighbor does because it is quite the thing, for we are all too prone to follow the "bell sheep," but, in most instances, to join a club means a sincere desire on the part of the woman joining to know more and thus through her knowledge to be of more use in the world.

So often we hear teachers who have re-

signed their duties, high school and college graduates who have become mothers of families, say: "I must join a club. I am becoming so rusty, I am forgetting all that I knew. I need it for the children."

So the club fills, and will continue to fill, a permanent need for the educated women, whose duties are large, but not burdensome, and who has at heart the best training of her boys and girls and the general improvement of the community.

Now, how does the Federation promote the formation and foster the growth of the individual club and thus encourage general education throughout the State. First, unconsciously the Federation sets the pace.

It holds annual and district meetings, has a large social gathering each year, where women are infused with a spirit of good fellowship, where they hear some fine papers or talks, get some new club suggestions, and go home fired with a new idea that they would like to see developed in their own society.

Sometimes the Federation entertains a chance visitor, a woman that has no club. She immediately begins to scheme as to how she might organize one in her own village, studies over the available ladies in her neighborhood, thinks of places where they might meet, and lo! a club is born, or will be in less than six months.

Such is the Federation's most potent form of educational work. It also aims to do something further. It has a Reciprocity Bureau. Now the Bureau is not yet out of swaddling clothes. It is an infant, vigorous and struggling.

It has tried to do a good many things. In some of them it has been successful, some it has attempted and partially failed, some of its projects are in the future.

One of its most valuable departments is that of exchange of Programs. The Bureau now has a large assortment of year books, ranging over six or seven years' work, and can loan on application, postage prepaid, outlines of study on various branches of art, literature, history, domestic science and sociology.

Often clubs in our smaller towns adopt study courses and discover when they begin to search for a material that little or nothing is to be found in their libraries, or those of their friends, on the topics assigned to them. Then they write to the Bureau for information. Perhaps the Bu-

reau possesses a paper written upon the required subject. It has about two hundred manuscripts, which have been donated from time to time by various clubs. If so, it is promptly sent. If not, the clippings are consulted. These are selections on popular themes, taken from newspapers and magazines, put in envelopes and appropriately labeled.

If the Bureau has neither articles nor clippings upon the topic asked for, then old files of papers and magazines are consulted, old numbers bought and forwarded at the expense of the inquirer. Sometimes books from private libraries

cial organ of the State; collects and reviews books written by Minnesota women, and has two exhibits yearly, one at the State Fair, the other at the annual meeting. The work is divided into six departments and is efficiently cared for by six women, all residing in one of the suburbs of St. Paul. The chairman has a general supervision of the whole.

Many suggestions might be made whereby the effectiveness of the work would be increased.

There is plenty of room for improvement, but as it now stands it promises to be of practical value to the educational interests of the State. Mary D. Akers, Chairman Reciprocity Bureau, Minnesota Federation Women's Clubs.

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#### MRS. LA PENOTIERE'S LETTER

The publishers of *SMALLEY'S MAGAZINE* have very generously opened their pages to Federated club interests. The department is to be edited by Mary Alcott McKusick of Stillwater, Minn., who has won an enviable reputation both as a club woman and a writer. All the qualifications necessary for the successful conduct of this department of the magazine are fully possessed by its editor. The club women of the Northwest are to be congratulated that this new avenue of communication is opened for the exchange of their ideas and methods.

I therefore urge officers, chairmen of standing committees and the club women generally of the state federations of the Northwest to avail themselves of this opportune opening to advance new projects and enlarge upon those already of vital interest. As each department of state work is to receive careful attention, it only remains with those who have matters in charge to bring about great results.

Minnesota club women may well point with pride to their short record. We inaugurated the traveling library, and now the revenues of the State are employed in completing and perfecting the movement. Forest reserve is credited by press and people to the club women. Associated Press dispatches, supplemented by strong and lengthy editorials, are found in leading papers everywhere giving us much praise. We have but to concentrate our energies upon industrial training, which includes domestic science, for our public schools, and the battle is won.

Governor Van Sant, in an address to the teachers of the State last January, said that nothing received such prompt and careful attention by legislators as the needs of the public schools. "Ask for what you want, and you will get it," said our Governor.

A school of domestic science should be established in connection with every agricultural college. Much is being done



Mrs. E. M. La Penotiere, President Minnesota Federation Women's Clubs

have been loaned. They have always been promptly returned.

In case the information cannot be found in any of these ways, then the public libraries of the Twin Cities are visited, the right books are sought, notes made and compiled or papers prepared. This for a moderate sum. It is the aim, as far as possible, to make all of the work gratuitous, but if the subject is uncommon, recondite or calls for a large amount of investigation, then a small fee is charged.

Aside from this, the Bureau sends reports of its work to the *Courant*, the offi-

to fit our young men for life. If they are to succeed, we should provide them with educated, cultivated housekeepers and homemakers: Greater New York spends annually, with employment agencies, three millions of dollars. Certainly, at that ratio, housekeepers of the Twin Cities alone spend two hundred thousand dollars in the same time and way. This amount would build, equip, and conduct a domestic science school which would surpass anything now in existence.

We have secured a permanent State Commission on Art. Neither public nor private money ought to be expended for the improvement of parks or streets unless under the supervision of competent judges of the truly artistic. Time and space forbid my taking up other departments, although each is as important and necessary as those here touched upon.

I trust club women generally will feel honored when given an opportunity to contribute to these columns. With the public press of the State, the Courant, and SMALLEY'S MAGAZINE at our disposal, we cannot complain of want of interest in our affairs on the part of publishers. It be of great interest to club women of this remains for us, then, to create public opinion.

Future numbers of this magazine will portion of our country, and I extend most hearty greeting to other State Federations from Minnesota Federated Clubs.—Mrs. E. M. La Penotiere, President M. F. W. C.

At the request of the Editor of SMALLEY'S MAGAZINE, the Reciprocity Bureau of the Minnesota Federation will publish courses of study which have been pursued by clubs in different parts of the State.

In the selection of programs for publication the Bureau has tried to be impartial. The Bureau is like a mother with a houseful of promising children who is fond of all and favors none.

Only a limited number can be chosen. Those have been taken which contain features that, in the opinion of the Bureau, will be helpful to the largest number of clubs.

The Bureau recommends the program of the St. Charles Woman's Club to societies desirous of studying the development of our country.

This range of topics is well fitted to give us a good understanding of our internal affairs and help us comprehend more thoroughly the political issues which arise from time to time, and which are read and discussed superficially by many people because of a want of historical information or a failure to grasp the salient features of the controversy.

The papers or readings at the close of the lessons, varied, often light and amus-

ing, form an agreeable ending to an exercise well calculated to please all wishing to have a better knowledge of what as a nation we were, are, and may be.



Public Lands in the Thirteen Colonies—How Acquired by the Thirteen Colonies; How Disposed of to Settlers; Public Lands in the Interior; How Acquired by the United States; How Disposed of to Settlers; Apportionment of School Lands; Reading of "Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill Battle."

Methods of Farming—First Implements used in New England; First Implements used in the South; Products of the North and South; Agricultural Development of the Interior; Agricultural Development of the West; paper, Rip Van Winkle.

Transportation—Transportation by Land; Transportation by Water; paper, Steam.

Light—Light in the Indian and Colonial Homes; Torches, Candles, Whale Oil, Kerosene, Illuminating Gas, Electric Lighting, Light Houses, Search Light; paper, Petroleum.

Heat—Heat from the Indian Homes to the Present Homes; Chimneys, Fuel, Matches; paper, Agricultural Schools and Colleges.

Communication—Printing Press, Postal System, Signaling, Telegraphy, Atlantic Cable, Telephone; paper, Electricity.

Manufactures—Agricultural Implements from 1650 to 1900; Plowing, Planting, Reaping, Threshing; paper, Patents System.

Domestic Implements from 1650 to 1900—Sewing Machines, Needles, Kitchen Utensils, Grist and Saw Mills; paper, Paper.

Tanneries, Distilleries, Salt, Gunpowder, Ship Building; paper, Glass.

Manufacture of Cloth and Clothing—Scotch and Irish Linen, Coarse Woolens, Carpets, Furs; paper, Origin and Suppression of Slavery.

Forestry—Topics to be assigned; Kinds of Timber in Different Sections; Reading in Backlog Studies.

Education—Foundation of the School System, Colleges, Technical Schools, Normal Schools, Naval Schools, State Universities; paper, "Helen Keller."

Mining—Gold, Silver, and Copper; paper, Cuba and Porto Rico.

Coal, Iron, Steel, How Produced; paper, Philippines and Alaska.

Financial—Currency, Mint, Federal Money; Rise of State Banks; paper, Marcus Whitman.

Banks—Small Money Bank from 1790 to 1861 and from 1861 to 1900; paper, Women in the Treasury Department at Washington.

Manufacture of Bank Notes—Redemption of Bank Notes; Making Over Bank Notes; paper, William Windom.



# OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

The columns of this page will recount the various ways in which women "earn a penny." Our readers are requested to send in such accounts of their own work as will be suggestive to others. In each instance the account must be well authenticated. Send the short copy of not more than 300 words, on "How I Earn My Money," this magazine will make handsome remuneration each month. Address all communications to The Woman's Department, SMALLEY MAGAZINE, St. Paul, Minn.

## THE WAY TO "EARN A PENNY"

Editor Woman's Department SMALLEY'S MAGAZINE:

In reply to your call for the various ways in which women "earn a penny," I would like you to know "How I earn money this summer."

I shall canvas for fruit trees, and shade trees, and for ornamental shrubbery. You may think this a way not usually undertaken by a girl; but I consider it honest, interesting and I hope profitable. I shall work entirely in the country, where I expect to meet courteous, intelligent customers and regain my strength, which a year of hard work in college has tested nearly to the breaking point. This advice was given me by my employers: "Be courteous and good-natured whether you receive an order or not. While urging the merits of your house, do not be too persistent, for it is barely possible that your victim knows the state of his pocketbook better than you do. In all cases give him credit for knowing his own business. Never try to sell my plants, trees or shrubbery except on their own merits. Never attempt to work on people's sympathy because you are tired, or need the money, or because you are a woman. Just state your business in clear, concise terms; what you have to sell, when delivered, terms of payment, etc., and let the customer do his own buying." I promise to let you state through the columns of your magazine, how much money I find in my pocketbook when I give up this work and return to college. I wish other women might think of just such work. It is honest and it will pay; and in my estimation these two features are a good recommendation for any occupation.

JANE \*



Editor Woman's Department:

I take pleasure in sending you a word on how "I Earn a Penny," trusting it may

present opportunities for every needle woman. My clientele has been established now for five years. I begin my rounds as early as September for the making of Christmas gifts. My friends have waiting for me whatever materials they wish fashioned into Christmas gifts. Daintiest trifles of lace and satin and cardboard and flowers are sewed into devices that originate either in my brain or that of the woman who is to give these useful or ornamental gifts away at the holiday season. Last year I made and sold, independent of my "regular rounds," seven hundred dainty stocks and fancy collars. I have nearly that many ready now that I have made during the summer days. I have made a special study through the summer of pillows, work-bags, glove cases, necktie boxes, darning bags, opera bags, and every conceivable article that needs a ribbon or a bit of lace on it, so that when I start my Christmas work I can originate as well as copy. I have also my regular patrons, mostly among teachers, clerks, and employes of big establishments who board in the city and who are embracingly glad, for a small consideration, to have skirts rebound and clothes attended to weekly. My notebook shows a list of engagements for every day from now until Christmas. Just try this way of making money by helping a friend at first, and see how quickly your services will be in demand and at your own price; and you will truly call the mother blessed that taught you the art of being a skilled needlewoman.

MRS. J. H. G.



## OUR CULINARY TOPICS

To prepare cherries and plums you may use the same recipe. I therefore give directions for preparing plums, and you will need none for the cherries. Wipe the fruit carefully and prick each plum with a fork, or, if you prefer, peel each. Weigh, and allow a pound of granulated sugar to a pound of the fruit. Put the sugar and plums in alternate layers in a preserving kettle, and let stand for a half-hour before bringing slowly to a gentle boil. Cook until the fruit is tender

and looks clear, but not until it is broken. With a split spoon carefully lift out the plums and spread on platters to cool while you boil the syrup until thick. Now pack the plums in glass jars, set these in a pan of hot water at the side of the range, and fill to overflowing with boiling syrup. Seal immediately.

I wish to tell you of my success in keeping tomatoes with cold water. I kept them in the ice house twenty-four hours and then packed them carefully in half gallon glass jars, filled the jars with iced water and let them stand over night. The next morning I removed them to the cellar, filled the jars to the brim with iced water, then poured melted paraffine over the tops and sealed them firmly with the screw tops of the jars. That was last July. On Christmas day I opened one jar, took out the tomatoes, wiped them dry and served for dinner. They were as fresh as though just taken from the vine. Since then I have opened two more jars, and they, too, were fine.

A very good recipe for pineapple cream is the following:

Grate a fresh pineapple and mix it with a pint of syrup made from one pound of sugar boiled with water. Add to this a quart of cream and rub it through a sieve. Before grating the pineapple take from it two or three slices, which must be cut into small dice and added to the strained cream before freezing.

Will you kindly answer, through the columns of your magazine, what is meant by a Dutch entertainment? Also tell us what should be served and how?

We find a good answer to your question in Harper's Bazar, which is as follows:

You can easily find in the shops pretty little conceits which will be charming for the Dutch entertainment. You can buy place cards of Delft design in blue and white. You can get for favors little Delft vases or candlesticks or boxes for matches. You can get pretty combinations in Delft blue and white in crinkled tissue paper to use for doilies. In fact, you will have no trouble in finding Delft articles, and use these by all means for decorations. Use, too, blue and white china as far as possible. You can, I think, procure little blue and white paper cases, and use these for a course of creamed mushrooms or chicken. Here is the menu I advise:

Bouillon in cups.  
Creamed chicken or mushrooms in paper cases; sandwiches; broiled chicken, pease, fancy potatoes; hot biscuits.

Salad and Camembert cheese and heated crackers.  
Ices and cake.  
Coffee.

If you want to have the menu more Dutch have a number of cheeses passed. Have pretzels and zwieback. Have a first course of little relishes and fancy Dutch cakes, like apple cake.

A good punch is made by using a quart of any wine to a pint of charged water, sweetened to taste with rock candy, and flavored with brandy, cordials, lemon juice, and a wee bit of bitters. Have in the punch all kinds of small fruits floating—strawberries, grapes, slices of orange and pineapple—and if you want it still stronger add a pint of champagne.



A Camping Party in the Cascade Mountains



# LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN



All Communications for this department should be addressed Children's Department, SMALLEY'S MAGAZINE, ST. Paul, Minn.

## THE MOTHER'S PRAYER

God bless and keep my little boy,  
Guard body and guide mind;  
Mix not his gold with base alloy,  
Dross of the worldly kind.

Oh, lay on me the care and pain!  
Spare him a little while:  
The heartsease ne'er will spring again  
Which blooms now in his smile.

Roll not the years too fast, O God!  
I fain would longer keep  
This tousled head which now doth nod,  
Finding the way to Sleep.

And let not Time with foot rough-shod  
My few poor charms destroy;  
For there be years to come, O God,  
When I must woo my boy.

Lend sweetness to his mother's voice  
To charm his critic ear;  
For siren songs will court his choice  
As manhood draweth near.

Only these tenderer years are mine—  
Ah, stretch their shortening span;  
Yet, if I must my charge resign,  
Make him, O God, a Man!

TRUMAN ROBERTS ANDREWS



## OUR PRESIDENTS

George Washington, the chieftain,  
First of the line he came,  
John Adams followed him,  
His policy the same.  
Tom Jefferson, republican.  
He tacked the ship of State.  
While Madison, the next in line,  
Filled out the war time date.  
Monroe, Virginia, good and brave;  
Then John Q. Adams, friend of slave,  
Next Jackson, laurel-crowned by fame;  
Van Buren had his aims the same;  
Then Harrison, who died in chair;  
His vice was Tyler, not so fair.  
Then Polk and war with Mexico.  
Then Taylor, who had made it go,  
And passed away in honor firm,

While Millard Fillmore closed the term.  
Next Pierce, Buchanan came along;  
Then Abraham Lincoln, brave and strong;  
And Andrew Johnson, always wrong.  
Then Grant, the great war hero, rose,  
And Hayes, whose choice came near to  
blows.  
Next Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, too,  
And again, after Harrison, Cleveland's  
due.  
McKinley then, third martyr, came;  
None ever can forget that name.  
A blow most tragic had been dealt,  
But that blow brought us Roosevelt.

FRANCIS WESTON CARRUTH



## TEN YEAR OLD DAY DREAMS

I measured myself by the wall in the gar-  
den;  
The hollyhocks blossomed far over my  
head.  
Oh, when I can touch, with the tips of my  
fingers,  
The highest green bud, with its lining of  
red,

I shall not be a child any more, but a  
woman.  
Dear hollyhock blossoms, how glad I shall  
be!  
I wish they would hurry,—the years that  
are coming,  
And bring the bright days that I dream of  
to me!

Oh, when I am grown, I shall know all  
my lessons,—  
There's so much to learn when one's only  
just ten!—  
I shall be very rich, very handsome and  
stately,  
And good, too,—of course,—'twill be  
easier then!

There'll be many to love me, and nothing  
to vex me,  
No knots in my sewing; no crusts to my  
bread.  
My days will go by like the days in a  
story.—  
The sweetest and gladdest that ever was  
read.

And then I shall come out some day to the garden  
(For this little corner must always be mine);  
I shall wear a white gown all embroidered with silver,  
That trails in the grass with a rustle and shine.

And meeting some child here at play in the sunshine,  
With gracious hands laid on her head, I shall say,  
"I measured myself by these hollyhock blossoms  
When I was no taller than you, dear, one day!"

She will smile in my face as I stoop low to kiss her,  
And— Hark! they are calling me in to my tea!  
O blossoms, I wish that the slow years would hurry!  
When, when will they bring all I dream of to me?

MARGARET JOHNSON.

#### A TRUE STORY ABOUT A BIRD

By Sarah

A pair of humming-birds built their nest in a tree. It was a butternut tree and stood near our country home. From my brother's window we could look into the nest, which was not much larger than a wild plum when it is ripe. We could only see two eggs, which were about as large as peas. We were so still and quiet every time we looked out for fear they might fly away. When the sun shone on these tiny birds, through the leaves, we called them rainbows.

The father bird came to our window garden to sip the honey from the plants in it; and we were careful to let him have any part of the flower garden undisturbed. The buzzing of his wings told us when he was near.

By and by the eggs were hatched and Mamma said, it was hard to tell which was the happiest, the birds or my brother and I. The father and mother would fly back and forth a hundred times a day to feed these tiny babies, that were not as large as two bees.

One afternoon a heavy rain storm made us cry, What will become of our humming birds? We wanted to move the nest, but Mamma said God would tell the mother bird how to save her babies. And true enough the little mother bird soon showed that she knew what she was about. She took a large leaf in her bill and spread it over the nest. She made a hole in the leaf and slipped this hole over a small stick in the side of the nest; and when the rain was over she found her

baby birds dry and warm and ready for their supper.

#### THE LETTER BOX

Dear Little Men and Women:—

I am a new subscriber to SMALLEY'S MAGAZINE and am working hard on a story to deserve a prize. I am a little girl nine years old. My brother is twelve and he expects to make his fortune as one of "Smalley's little business men." He has saved enough already to make the first payment of his new bicycle. We are at the lake for the summer; but go home about Sept. 15. We have a regular menagerie, nearly fifty mud turtles, all sizes and kinds of fish; and a variety of young birds. We love our brown-thrush best of all and will take him back to the city with us. You ought to hear my brother tell other boys how he made his tank and yard to keep his "menagerie" for he was quite a genius in rigging it up. We will let everything go free when we go back to the city.

MARGERY MCGILLIN.

Little Men and Women:—

My father has been a subscriber to your Magazine for twenty years. I am so glad you have something now for children. I have a beautiful brown pony named "Beauty." I want to tell you sometime about the hundred and thirty-six chickens we hatched on Easter Sunday in our incubator. I expect to share half the profits with my father, for I help with the care of them. Next year I am to run the incubator all myself. I would like to know how I can be one of Smalley's little business men? My cousin wrote me from Washington State and said he was making lots of money working for you. I have a good bicycle to trade.

Yours respectfully,

JOHNNY MOORE.

#### PRIZE COMPETITION No. TWO

Smalley's Little Men and Women readers are to become workers now in this department and edit these pages themselves. For the best stories, which may be illustrated, and not to contain more than two hundred words, the best verse, not to contain more than twenty-four lines; and the best photograph, any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints or negatives, handsome prizes will be awarded each month. Tell us about anything you have found interesting, what your plans are for some pleasure about to happen in the near future. Let it be original and told in your own language.

## WHAT TO READ AND WHERE TO FIND IT

In examining carefully The American University Popular Course of Home Reading and the text-books used for reference, we find that it furnishes in a practical way the means of carrying on home reading and study, which ought to engage the thought and consideration of every individual. The necessity of pressing forward intellectually from year to year is fast becoming a law. By home study and reading we continue to advance not only in the intellectual sphere of life, but as well in the more practical, every day work, always at hand.

This course of study, so named because it was prepared by the most talented and entertaining men and women in our universities, assisted when helpful by noted literary specialists, has for its object, the rendering of assistance in the study of such subjects as Art, Education, Ancient History, American History, English and European Literature, Sociology, and many other subjects of vital interest at the present day. Upon examination of the curriculum of the American University Course of Home Reading, found on page five of this magazine, one will certainly be convinced, that the reader in the home, the club, the office, in any walk of life, must appreciate the value of such work as guided and assisted by the great teachers and literary specialists of our country may come within the reach of everyone.

Who for example could suggest more interesting and valuable questions about "Shakespeare and The Drama" than William J. Rolfe, the talented Shakespearean scholar? As a Shakespearean and dramatic critic, Mr. Rolfe occupies, perhaps the first place in America today. He has rendered great service as editor of Shakespeare's works, and many of the English poets, notably Tennyson, Gray, Scott, and Wordsworth; Milton's poems, Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome; Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare, etc.

"Shakespeare and the Drama" is a wide subject to treat in the limits of this reading, but Mr. Rolfe has succeeded in suggesting some meaty subjects for consideration and reflection. The study of Shakespeare is too often looked at as a mere amusement rather than as a vehicle of instruction. Like the amiable Doctor Primrose and his family, who looked upon "Shakespeare and the musical glasses" as a diversion to pass an idle hour. Many who talk glibly of Shakespeare and discuss his plays, do so in just the same spirit. To see a play on the stage, with all the glare of the footlights and the accessories of costumes and scenery is one thing; to read the same play in the quiet of the study —to fathom all the depths and subtleties of the dialogue and realize all the author's

meaning, is quite another. To help to do this is the object of this Reading, and the writer has done well in suggesting matter for study and thought which cannot fail to induce in many of our students a closer investigation of the beauties which a thorough acquaintance with the works of the great dramatist is certain to unfold.

From American University Popular Course of Home Reading on "Shakespeare and the Drama."

### QUESTION SIXTY-THREE

What living English novelist and essayist, comparing Othello with the same character in Cinthio's Italian novel, from which Shakespeare took his plot, remarks: "Lifting him entirely out of the originally vulgar character of the black man with a fair wife, he makes him a perfect gentle-



William J. Rolfe, A. M., Litt. D., Shakespearean scholar and author; A. M., Harvard, 1859; A. M. and Litt. D., Amherst, 1887. As a Shakespearean and dramatic critic, Mr. Rolfe occupies, perhaps, the first place in America today. He has rendered great service as editor of Shakespeare's works, and those of many of the English poets.

William J. Rolfe, A. M., Litt. D., Shakespearean Scholar, Author and Critic, Cambridge, Mass.

man. It has been well said that Othello is, perhaps, the most faultless gentleman in Shakespeare, for not Hamlet himself is so peerless a gentleman?"

See Text Book, Volume II, Page 810.

### QUESTION SIXTY-FOUR

What does the same author say of "the boy-woman characters in Shakespeare", that is, "the women who assume the disguise of pages," etc.?

See Text Book, Volume II, Page 812.

### QUESTION SIXTY-FIVE

What famous Scottish author, comparing Shakespeare and Dante, says: "As Dante, the Italian man, was sent into our world to embody musically, the religion of the Middle Ages, the religion of our Modern Europe, its inner life; so Shakespeare, we may say, embodies for us the outer life of our Europe as developed then, its chivalries, courtesies, humors, ambitions, what practical way of thinking, acting, looking at the world, men then had?"

See Text Book, Volume III, Page 860.



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